

W I N T E R 1 9 9 0

Washington

W A S H I N G T O N C O L L E G E M A G A Z I N E



Should We Let The Good Times Roll?

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE INAUGURAL ALBUM
THE STATE OF THE SOVIET UNION
ROCK FISHING IN AMERICA

the 1970s, the 1980s, and the 1990s. The 1970s were a decade of economic growth and social progress. The 1980s were a decade of economic stagnation and social conservatism. The 1990s were a decade of economic recovery and social liberalism.

1. The following information was obtained from the records of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management, regarding the land owned by the United States in the State of California:



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About the Cover: Three buddies toast each other in this 1959 photo taken at the Blue Bird Tavern in Chestertown. In the center is Doug Gates '59 who is now the director of alcohol and drug abuse services for Queen Anne's County. Photo by William A. Coleman.

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THE REPORTER

Celebrating The College's Connections To The World

Charles Hathaway Trout was formally installed as the 24th president of Washington College on a warm October day before hundreds of well-wishers.

A day of fun and celebration was kicked off bright and early with a 5-K Fun Run. Students, alumni, faculty and staff, and Trout family members and friends participated. It was Katherine Trout's daughter, Kady, who finished first in the women's class, and the President's son, Nicholas, who won the alumni division.

Later that morning a more solemn processional took place. One hundred sixty-seven delegates representing the nation's colleges and universities, as well as England's Oxford and Scotland's Aberdeen, marched from Dunning Hall to the Elm. Greetings were brought by Maryland Governor William Donald Schaefer, Chestertown Mayor Elmer E. Horsey, Western Maryland College President Robert H. Chambers, and Colgate University President Neil R. Grabois. Also extending welcoming remarks to President Trout were Karen Gossard Price '73, former president of the Alumni Association, SGA President Stuart Neiman, and chemistry professor Frank J. Creegan.

In his inaugural address, Dr. Trout pledged his "unswerving dedication" to preserving the liberal arts and sciences curriculum at Washington College. "At the same time," he said, "no



PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER

institution can stand stock still in a changing world, and virtually every successful institution with which I am familiar . . . exhibits a well-tempered blend of continuity and change."

Trout suggested that the College should engage its students in the community at both the curricular and extracurricular level, to give them a sense of place in which to find a sense of self.

"May I modestly propose that we celebrate our location? That we explore it? That we get to know it? That we celebrate its connections to the world? That we assert, as the historian David Potter once asserted, that 'a microcosm is just as cosmic as a macrocosm' — every bit as interesting, every bit as challenging, every bit as complex, every bit as important," Trout said. "I see the entire Eastern Shore, indeed the whole of the Delmarva Peninsula, as a gigantic laboratory alive with possibilities for a contemporary liberal arts institution."

Charles Trout and Board Chair Louis Goldstein '35 lead the procession of inaugural platform guests.

Students of history need go no further than the streets, ports and farms of Kent County to conduct local research projects with national significance, Trout suggested. He envisions an Institute of Early American History, with an emphasis upon the Revolution through the Early National Period. "Just as our local history is inextricably linked to that of the nation during the Revolution, a similar tie can be made when one examines the prelude to the Civil War," he said. "No history of abolition can be written without reference to the Eastern Shore. Boston has Garrison, but Frederick Douglass is our native son: the story of his life, as recounted in his autobiography, begins with his birth as a slave in Tuckahoe, Maryland, and continues with his escape to the North in 1838.

The Grandest Of Marshals

He makes all that pomp and circumstance seem easy as he leads ceremonial processions down the brick path from Dunning Hall to the terrace at the foot of the Hill Dorms. It has become second nature. At the inauguration of President Charles H. Trout, Ermon E. Foster, Grand Marshal and Registrar Emeritus, made that walk for the 45th time.

A tall, commanding figure in his maroon and black robe with the Washington College mace held high, Foster has led the academic processions at 40 commencements and has inaugurated five college presidents. Adding spring and fall convocations, the number of academic processions he has led surpasses 120. He has hooded such dignitaries as President Eisenhower, Maryland governors Theodore R. McKeldin, Albert C. Ritchie and J. Millard Tawes, journalists Roger Mudd and Walter Cronkite, Supreme Court Judge Sandra Day O'Connor and Lady Bird Johnson.

The academic mace he carries was the gift of Henry Powell Hopkins, an architect who designed several campus buildings. Hopkins' son, a silversmith, outfitted the ebony staff with silver historical insignia and garnet stones.

"It is an honor for me to organize and lead these ceremonies," says

Foster, who as a young professor of education and psychology and newly-appointed registrar acquired the job from professor Ralph Thornton in 1950. "He handed me the mace and said 'You're it,'" recalls Foster.

When Daniel Gibson was president between 1950 and 1970, he and his secretary, Elizabeth Gorsuch, attended to the many details that go into planning commencements and convocations. Foster inherited the responsibility for those details when President Charles Merdinger took office. "Being a military man," Foster explains, "he liked to delegate, and suddenly I was in charge of finding ministers, writing the script and ordering diplomas and medals, caps and gowns."

Because the nature of his work as registrar is detailed record-keeping, Foster thrived in his new role, making sure orders were placed early, the program completed on time and last-minute details attended to.

"I start preparing for commencement now, in October," he says, "so I can have the diplomas signed at the February meeting of the Board of Visitors and Governors. It's difficult to find a local minister to deliver the invocation because they work on Sundays, so I begin looking for the parent of a senior who is a minister."

Even such careful planning can backfire, as he found one year when the senior whose father was to deliver the invocation failed a class and was not graduated. The father, however, graciously went through with the ceremony.

Although Foster officially retired as registrar in June of 1986, he has stayed on to mind the ceremonial store. Upon the resignation of David Butters in 1989, he served as Acting Registrar for a full year. He now works part-time as Marshal and adviser to the current Registrar, Jack Hamilton.

Forty-one years. It's a lifetime. No one has been working at Washington College longer than Ermon Foster. Ed Athey, the retired Athletic Director and still-swinging baseball coach who substitutes as Grand Marshal when Foster is in Florida during January and February, started the same year.

The way Foster sees it, it is a job for the College's senior officer. And he hopes to be senior for quite a few more years.

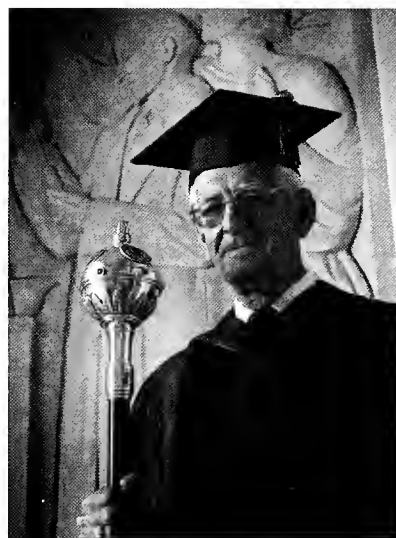


PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER

"And then there is Harriet Tubman, our native daughter, born a slave in Dorchester County, then to become the most famous 'conductor' on the underground railroad. That our elementary school here in Chestertown is named after another famous black abolitionist, Henry Highland Garnett, born a slave in New Market, Kent County, is yet another reminder that we are not isolated from the nation's past. . . . The Civil War monument in Chestertown's Court House Square, with Confederate

Johns Hopkins University President William Richardson, U.S. Senator Paul Sarbanes, Louis Goldstein and Nicholas Trout with President Trout.



PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER

THE PRESIDENTS of WASHINGTON COLLEGE

William Smith, D.D.
1782-1789

Colin Ferguson, A.M., D.D.
1789-1805

Hugh McGuire
1813-1815

Joab G. Cooper, A.M.
1816-1817

Gerard E. Stack, A.M.
1817-1818

Francis Waters, D.D.
1818-1823

Timothy Clowes, A.M., LL.D.
1823-1829

Peter Clark, A.M.
1829-1832

Richard W. Ringgold, A.M.
1832-1854

Francis Waters, D.D.
1854-1860

Andrew J. Sutton, A.M.
1860-1867

Robert C. Berkeley, A.M.
1867-1873

William J. Rivers, A.M.
1873-1887

Thomas N. Williams, A.M.
1887-1889

Charles W. Reid, A.M., Ph.D.
1889-1903

James W. Cain, LL.D.
1903-1918

J. S. William Jones, SC.D., D.Litt.
1918-1919 (Acting)

Clarence P. Gould, Ph.D.
1919-1923

Paul E. Titsworth, Ph.D., LL.D.
1923-1933

Gilbert W. Mead, A.M., D.Litt., LL.D.
1933-1949

Frederick G. Livingood, Ed.D., LL.D.
1949-1950 (Acting)

Daniel Z. Gibson, Ph.D., LL.D., L.H.D.
1950-1970

Charles J. Merdinger, D.Phil.
1970-1973

Joseph H. McLain, Ph.D., D.Sc.
1973-1981

Garry E. Clarke, M.Mus., D.Litt.
1981-1982 (Acting)

S. Douglass Cater, M.P.A., LL.D., D.Litt.
1982-1990

Charles H. Trout, M.A., Ph.D.
1990-

soldiers on one side and Union troops on the other, is a poignant reminder that the Eastern Shore shared in this era of torment. Again, we can immerse ourselves in local studies that can illuminate a vital part of the nation's heritage. We are not a place apart."

The Shore's literary heritage, its art, its distinct water-based social culture, the threat of urban sprawl and the gentrification of historic areas, its political arena, all provide opportunities for students to put the liberal arts "in the service of social understanding."

arts institution. We have a unique opportunity to take full advantage of our extraordinary surroundings and to understand the texture of our 'situation' in all its many forms. To this enterprise, we must at all times bring to our studies the disciplined modes of inquiry that are so special to the liberal arts — critical, rigorous evaluation of evidence, formulation of incisive questions, knowing how to find answers to these questions, knowing how to communicate the answers to others."

Trout concluded his address by quoting Martin Luther King, Jr., who



PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER

Trout continued: "And then there is the matter of the environment, and here we have what is perhaps the most obvious connection of all with our region, our nation, our planet earth. Few bodies of water have been more studied than the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and it is here that some of the great environmental battles of the recent past have been joined. Through internships supplied by such organizations as the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, the Jessie Ball duPont Foundation, and our McLain Fellowships, our students are already engaged. It is my hope, however, that this is but the beginning of our involvement in Environmental Studies as they apply not only to the ecostructure of the Chesapeake Bay but the Chester River as well.

"In sharing with you my conviction that a liberal arts college must intersect with its 'siting,' I am not suggesting that we succumb to faddism or the temptation to be trendy. I am, however, suggesting it is imperative that we vow to be a contemporary liberal

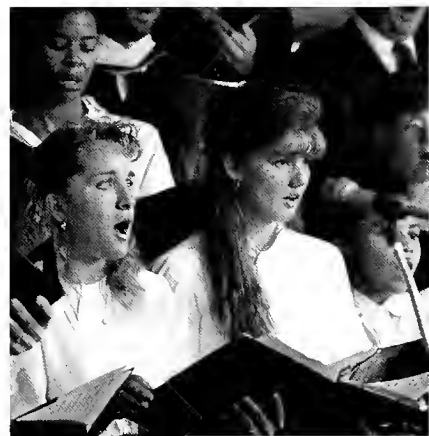


PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER

(Top) Inaugural events included a history symposium on "The American Century." Participants were: (from left, seated) Regina Morantz-Sanchez of UCLA, President Trout (moderator), William E. Leuchtenburg of UNC, Chapel Hill, and (from right, standing) William H. Chafe of Duke, Robert Fallaw of WC, and alumnus Jonathan Sarris '89. (Above) The College Community Chorus performed an anthem composed for the occasion by professor Garry Clarke.

the night before he died told his followers he wanted to be remembered for his acts of compassion towards others. "Say that I was a drum major for justice. Say that I was a drum major for peace. Say that I was a drum major for righteousness. And all of the other,

shallow things will not matter," King told them.

"Education must include a moral and social dimension," Trout said. "It must never, in Malcolm Cowley's words, be deracinated, without roots. In the end we must all be drum ma-

jors for a better world, and it can start right here in this special place. We as a nation, certainly we as a liberal arts community, can stop talking about mere survival and recognize instead a new role that is unfolding before us. To this end I dedicate my presidency."

The Ties That Bind

Few childhood friendships survive the span of nearly four decades and the changes time brings. Still fewer friendships endure when they are conducted through the mail.

So it meant a great deal to Katherine Trout when her childhood pen pal, Ann Risby, and her daughter, Janice, journeyed across the Atlantic from Kent, England, to attend the inauguration of her husband as Washington College's 24th president.

Although the two women have been corresponding since they were ten and eleven-year-old girls, it was only their fifth face-to-face visit. As they reminisced on the porch of the Hynson-Ringgold House, however, their comfortable familiarity with each other was evident.

As schoolgirls they exchanged letters, photos, newsclippings and magazines. Ann sent copies of *Girls' Life* with serial stories of girls in English boarding schools, and Katherine mailed copies of *Seventeen*. Over the years they shared news of marriages, births and deaths. They shared the comforts of their domesticity — tips on child-rearing and cooking — as well as more worldly issues and the social culture particular to their native lands.

"I remember one letter you wrote me when President Kennedy was killed that was a letter of condolence," Katherine tells her friend. "It made me realize that his death affected the whole world."

Perhaps what has preserved their friendship over the years, as Dianne Close, a friend of Katherine's from Boston suggests, has been not only their persistence but a certain curiosity and a pride of place on both their

parts. Their gifts to one another are representational of their culture: the Royals calendar, American cookbooks, English toffee, jelly beans.

They first met in 1977 when Katherine and her mother traveled to Europe. "It was very moving seeing you in your home at Elstree Garden, the address I had been writing to all those years," Katherine tells Ann, who lives just a few blocks down the street from her childhood home. Ann remembers the neighbors scurrying to bring in the laundry off clotheslines so their photographs in the garden would have a more picturesque backdrop.

They share stories: Katherine spent the summer of 1980 scrubbing and painting the house in preparation for Ann's first visit to the States, while Ann was watching "Dallas" to learn more about America. On a second visit in 1982, Ann and her family visited Katherine's family homestead in New Hampshire and drove to Niagara Falls. When in 1988 Katherine and Chuck met Ann and her husband Pete in a local pub, they had what Chuck

considered their first decent English meal. Ann recalls the rich fragrance of an American roadside produce stand; Katherine recalls waking at 5:30 a.m. on the day of Fergie's marriage and watching for Janice in the crowd: "I had champagne and strawberries, and I wore my fur jacket," Katherine says, laughing.

On the day before her departure, Ann catalogues items she has purchased and what was left to buy — graham crackers, corn meal, chocolate chips, Old Bay seasoning and measuring cups for her kitchen (English cooks measure by weight, and she has been approximating measurement from the collection of American cookery books Katherine has sent her, she explains). For her husband she'll pick up the local newspaper and a *Life* magazine.

Ann also may have picked up a new penpal. She struck up a friendship with Dorothy Myers '24 while staying in her home, and has her address carefully tucked away for the journey back to England.



Katherine Trout (center) with Ann (left) and Janice (right) Risby.

PHOTO: MATTHEW P. SPANGLER



Vice President For Development Resigns

F David Wheelan '78, Vice President for Development and College Relations, has resigned to take the position of Director of Development for The Nature Conservancy, an international environmental organization.

Wheelan, who held the chief development post at the College since 1987, took the helm of a \$300 million campaign for the private conservation organization as Director of Development in mid-October.

"The Nature Conservancy is by far the most exemplary environmental organization in the United States, and the chance to lead a campaign to save ecosystems not only in North America, but as far away as the Yasuni region in Ecuador and the Grande Sertao site in Brazil, is clearly the opportunity of a lifetime," Wheelan says.

Wheelan, who joined the College staff as Director of Development in 1984, pointed to tangible achievements of the development effort, including the completion of a \$42 million capital campaign, an increase in alumni participation in the Washington College Fund from 25 to 55 percent, and strengthened alumni programming.

"But with the completion of the Johnson Lifetime Fitness Center just around the corner and the Campaign for Excellence's conclusion, it seems my work here is finished. However, since I am a graduate of Washington College and a great believer in the in-

stincts of Dr. Trout, I intend to continue to be involved in the Washington College effort for many years to come."

A nationwide search for Wheelan's successor is underway. Dr. Sherry Magill, vice president and deputy to the President of the College, is serving in Wheelan's stead until a successor is hired.

Three Join Board Of Visitors

L Clifford Schroeder, president of Virginia, Dixie Container Corporation of Virginia, Mark A. Schulman, president of a national market and opinion research organization in New York, and retired educator W. Jackson Stenger have joined the College's Board of Visitors and Governors.

Schroeder is president of a major manufacturing company that makes corrugated containers and displays. He is a 1953 graduate of Harvard College and holds a degree from the Harvard University Graduate School of Business. Schroeder, the father of Cliff, a junior, and Chris, a sophomore, joins the board by gubernatorial appointment.

Schulman, a 1967 graduate, was elected by the Alumni Council to fill a board vacancy. The steering committee of the College's Alumni Association, the Alumni Council consists of representatives of every decade and each geographical location with a local alumni chapter.

Head of Schulman, Ronca & Becuvalas, Inc., Schuman also serves on the board of directors of the Bank Marketing Association in New York. He and his brother, Dr. Edward Schulman '71, established the Ida and Morris Schulman Scholarship at Washington College in 1988. He has served on the College's Visiting Committee since its inception.

Stenger, a 1949 graduate of the College and a veteran of the University of Maryland administration, was elected by the Board to fill a one-year term. He returns to the Board after a year and a half hiatus. He previously served on the Board's Academic Affairs and Student Affairs committees. Last year Stenger was secretary of the College's presidential search committee.

Faculty Introduce New Teaching Aid In Classroom

What contains 59,000 visual images yet weighs less than a coffee cup? Interactive videodiscs — a new technology which could revolutionize teaching.

Washington College faculty members attended California Lutheran University in June to see how faculty there are putting this new technology to work in the classroom. Attending were: Elizabeth Baer, Michael Bailey, Michael Malone, Rosemary Ford, Emilie Amt, Terrence Scout, MaryAnn Baenninger, Paul Bishop, Steven Cades and Ellen Klein. Their trip was sponsored by a grant from the Consortium for the Advancement of Private Higher Education. Ten faculty from California Lutheran University then visited Washington College for a week to examine the campus's computer networking system.

"We're on the edge of this new technology," says economics professor Michael Bailey. "This is pioneering — we're doing something very few other colleges are doing, and it puts the College at an advantage."

How exactly do the videodiscs work? First, a 12 inch laser disc is inserted into a disc player. A Hypercard program on the Macintosh computer manipulates the images, which are projected onto a monitor at the front of the classroom. For example, an art history class studying fireplaces of English castles could have sequences of images projected onto the screen by simply requesting this category of information. Or, a biology class studying the cell structures of South American flowers could have quick access to this topic without having to run to their microscopes or to the library.

This system is more suitable to visual subjects such as art, history, science or geography, although an English professor at Chapel Hill uses the discs to show color-coded rhyme schemes. The discs can show charts, maps, diagrams, tables; they even have audio capabilities.

Emilie Amt has been using the discs in her Art History class to display the Louvre collection of ancient sculpture. "All the images I want to show my class are on one disc," she

Mission Accomplished: Undergrad Takes American Lit. To Lithuanian Scholars

By Andrea Kehoe '89

If senior Roy Kesey wrote an essay about his summer vacation, it would probably be dismissed as a frustrated undergraduate's fantasy. Instead of taking a summer college course, Kesey taught one. The senior English and philosophy major spent three weeks in the Soviet Union lecturing to Lithuanian academics about American literature.

"It sounds crazy to do that without a Ph.D., much less without a bachelor's degree," he says. "But for 50 years they've been shut off from scholarly work, especially literary criticism. It's just a whole different ballgame there."

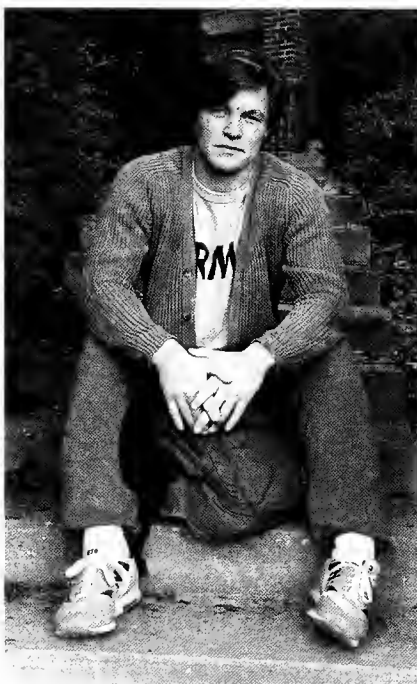
Kesey stumbled across this opportunity last spring during his junior year abroad in England at Manchester College, Oxford University. After a volleyball tournament in Moscow with Oxford's team, he and some other players went on to Lithuania. When a professor at Vilnius Pedagogical Institute, a teachers' college in the Baltic republic's capital, asked him to talk to students about American literature, he agreed.

Expecting a small roundtable discussion, Kesey didn't prepare a lecture, but instead of a classroom, he found an auditorium packed with an audience of more than 300 students. His impromptu lecture landed him an offer to return as a visiting professor for the summer term. Even when he explained that he was not a graduate student in literature, as the Institute's officials mistakenly had assumed, the offer stood.

Getting to Lithuania at the end of

June was half the battle. As the republic's struggle to win independence from the Soviet Union caused Moscow to tighten travel restrictions, Kesey made several failed bids to obtain a visa. "It didn't look like there would be a way for me to go," he remembers. "But I had made a promise, and I wanted to keep it."

So Kesey turned to tactics that seem pulled from the pages of a Cold War spy novel. Against the advice of Polish friends, he decided to try to cross the border illegally through the moun-



tains of northern Poland at night. Loaded down with a 70-pound backpack of books, he scaled a fence that divided a neutral buffer zone from what he believed Soviet territory. When a metal crosspiece on the fence snapped, he fell backwards. Soon he saw the glare of headlights as two jeeps screeched to a halt.

"I just shook, I was so scared," Kesey says. He huddled in a shallow pond for five hours as Soviet soldiers scanned the area with flashlights and dogs, shot off a flare, and fired their machine guns into the darkness. Fear-

ful of discovery, he ate the scrap of paper listing the names and addresses of his hosts in Vilnius. "It was all very *Mission Impossible*," he laughs.

As the approach of sunrise threatened to reveal his hiding place, Kesey crept back into Poland and hitchhiked back to Warsaw. In the midst of his attempt to cut through the web of consulate regulations, the Soviet blockade of Lithuania broke, and Kesey got his visa.

After a three-week stint as an editor of an English/Lithuanian travel dictionary, Kesey finally got to the classroom. His seminars on American Romantic literature were taught to professors from the Institute, and others from Vilnius University and an engineering academy. The group began with 15 participants, but soon doubled in size, and the classtime was increased from two to four hours each day at the students' request.

"It was exhausting to talk for so long, but the exchange of ideas was exhilarating," Kesey says. The enthusiasm of the members of the class made time pass quickly.

Before glasnost, scholars were limited to books approved by Soviet censors; any form of literary criticism outside of Marxist and linguistic interpretations was taboo. Students sometimes asked Kesey to compare the writers studied with contemporary ones, including some he found unfamiliar.

"They can't understand having access to books and not reading all of them," he explained. "I felt poorly read there, when by American standards I am not. But American standards are too low."

Not only does he have a new appreciation of the education available to him, the experience convinced Kesey that teaching is a career option within his reach. "It was fantastically fulfilling and enriching," he says. "It's made me look forward to getting back into the classroom."

says. "I can even zoom in on detail and show moving images. But the really exciting uses of this technology are still a year or two away."

In terms of cost the discs are also advantageous. A \$100 disc can hold

up to 59,000 images. That many slides would cost thousands of dollars. And, most of the equipment needed is already on campus. The discs are also more durable and produce clearer images than slides or videotapes.

"We've just scratched the surface of this," says Professor Bailey. "Teachers will be able to do things they could never do before. Our only limits right now are the time, energy and creativity needed to explore it."

Political Science Internships Established

Political science students will have the chance to serve internships in the nation's capital, or as junior foreign service officers abroad this summer, thanks to the efforts of professors Tahir Shad and Daniel Premo.

This fall, in his first semester at Washington College, Shad invited internship coordinators from various federal bureaus to campus to meet with political science faculty and students. Shad expects to place students in summer internships domestically

and in Europe, Asia, and Southeast Asia, and will soon be looking into internship opportunities in the German parliament in Bonn and NATO.

Internships are available through the State Department in the bureaus of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, African Affairs, European Affairs and Public Affairs. The Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department, the Organization of American States, United States Agency for International Development and Great Britain's Hansard Society for Parliamentary Government are also seeking interns. At presstime, several students had submitted applications.

To augment students' understanding of foreign affairs, Shad is organiz-

ing students in a model United Nations program and will accompany them to a conference in Toronto this February.



No Smoking On The Flight Deck

With smoking by passengers banned on all U.S. domestic flights, how much longer will commercial airline pilots be allowed to light up? Not much longer, if George J. Spilich, chair of the psychology department, has anything to do with it. He has added fuel to the fire in a battle against cigarettes with his research on the negative effects of cigarette smoking on performance (see WCM Spring '88 issue).

Spilich has joined ranks with Jack Henningfield, head of the National Institute of Drug Addiction, and Neil Grunberg of the government's Uniformed Services for the Medical Research and Development Administration, to prepare a new position paper on pilot smoking for the Federal Aviation Association.

Because Spilich's work indicates that smokers' vision and judgment are impaired, he says, it raises the question: "Given what people pay to get on an airplane, and the ramifications of an accident, do pilots have the right to take eight percent off their peak performance?" Spilich thinks not. He proposes that pilots should be on a cessation program moving toward abstinence.

Smokers have more than a bad habit. The Surgeon General's Office has determined nicotine is an addictive drug. The jury is still out, however, on whether the culprit in Spilich's study is nicotine or carbon monoxide, or both. In the coming months, he and his students will be measuring blood gases and charting brain waves to help make that determination.

New Book Describes POWs' Bounce Back To Humanity

By Marcia C. Landskroener

Before meeting Al Stafford '63 for the first time, I imagined him to be either hardened by his experience as a prisoner of war in North Vietnam, or spiritually broken. The retired Navy fighter pilot I invited to my home for dinner and conversation into the wee hours, and whom I befriended, was neither.

Curiously, this grim experience had strengthened him, given him an abiding appreciation for life, and friendship, and loyalty. From the depths of painful despair and humiliation, he and his fellow captives had risen to the realization that they could still fight back and resist — with dignity, ingenuity and humor.

The *Washington College Magazine* feature (Winter '89) that evolved from that discussion briefly related Stafford's story of his shootdown, capture and survival. Geoffrey Norman, a Special Forces veteran and former editor of *Esquire*, worked

tirelessly with Stafford to publish a full account of that ordeal and his eventual reentry into the real world. Stafford is the central character in Norman's book, *Bouncing Back* (Houghton Mifflin, 248 pgs., \$19.95).

"Bouncing back" became the survival doctrine of the POWs, adopted by necessity when they found the military code of conduct irrelevant in Vietnam prison camps. "The point of torture and brutality and endless interrogations ... was not to break the men so they would reveal information of military importance," Norman writes.

"Breaking them *was* the purpose." "Bouncing back" became their only weapon in the long and steady fight for their lives. It became equally important when they returned to homes and wives so altered by time.

It is a gripping tale, terrifying in its brutal detail, uplifting as a tribute to the indomitable human spirit.



PHOTO: J. TYLER CAMPBELL '76

Deringer Keeps WC's Sports History Alive

It isn't often that you attend a Washington College function without seeing H. Hurtt Deringer '59 standing in the background taking notes. The long-time editor of the *Kent County News* has enjoyed a symbiotic relationship with the College since 1963, a span that included six years as the Director of Public Relations. Noted primarily for his devotion to the coverage of WC sports, he is also a loyal advocate of all aspects of the institution.

"I have a great love for sports," Deringer said. "But I'm also interested in the total College. I don't want to be perceived as a Grantland Rice, or to be categorized as a person who focused on just one thing. But as a historian, I tend to look at things from a statistical standpoint."

Deringer has been an integral part of Washington College's Athletic Hall of Fame and the athletic department's annual awards banquet. Last spring, when Washington College held a reunion of the 1954, 1967, 1972, and 1976 Shoremen lacrosse teams, generally regarded as

four of the greatest squads in the school's storied history, the program was dedicated to Deringer in appreciation for his copious coverage through the years.

Lacrosse coach Terry Corcoran wrote of Deringer in the dedication: "Tradition is defined as the handing down of beliefs, customs, and legends.



PHOTO: J. TYLER CAMBELL '76

For many years now the long and rich tradition of WC lacrosse has been entrusted into the hands of one man. He alone has kept alive the great moments and deeds of the Shoremen stickmen. His loyalty and devotion to Washington College lacrosse have helped nur-

ture the pride we all have in the program today."

Deringer's passion for sports has been well chronicled.

"The success this nation has enjoyed in the 20th century," he has written, "can be attributed to the best aspects of athletics that have been brought to not only the marketplace, but to the democratic arena — playing by the rules, teamwork and discipline. When you are able to add those nitty-gritty intangibles — heart and spirit — you have two special ingredients that make the playing of sports worthwhile and a lesson of living."

Deringer became an instant fan of Washington College sports in 1948 when his father, who was an All-American in basketball and lacrosse at Navy, took him to see WC play the Annapolis Lacrosse Club on what is now the field behind the Board of Education. Since then, he has been regarded as a Washington College sports historian.

"I like Washington College sports for their purity," Deringer said. "I would rather walk up to the Cain Athletic Center on a chilly January evening to see a Shoremen basketball game than be given tickets to Madison Square Garden to watch the NIT."

Corcoran Honored At White House

It is not every day that a lacrosse coach meets the President of the United States. After all, fishing and golf are George Bush's sporting passions.

But as one of the three coaches who guided the United States to the championship in the 1990 World Lacrosse Games held in Perth, Australia, last summer, Washington College lacrosse coach Terry Corcoran was a guest of honor in a ceremony at the White House Rose Garden in September.

The United States team prevailed over squads from Australia, Canada and England, and even beat the Indians (a team of Iroquois Nationals) at their own game.

Since taking up the lacrosse helm in 1983, Corcoran has compiled a 90-36

overall record. His teams have reached the NCAA Division III playoffs each year, and have made it to the finals four times.

Student Dynamo Takes To The Field

Washington College field hockey star Donna White is practically in a state of perpetual motion. During a recent span of five days, the senior biology major helped engineer Washington's first-ever field hockey win over nationally ranked Johns Hopkins, finished a 20-page application for a Fulbright Scholarship, took her GRE's in Baltimore, and was nominated by

Donna White (center) with her co-captains Amy Tichel (left) and Erin O'Neal (right) kept team spirits high.

President Charles H. Trout and Dean Elizabeth Baer for a spot on the USA Today United States All-Academic



Team.

Such a crowded schedule is not unusual for this young dynamo. White is also a resident assistant, a peer adviser, and a member of various student organizations. And when field hockey season ends, women's lacrosse season begins. White is an integral member of both teams and has three varsity letters in each sport.

It is her academic standing, however, that distinguishes her. She has been recognized as an Academic All-America by the College Field Hockey Coaches' Association in both 1988 and 1989, and the nomination for the 60-member USA Today All-Academic Team is a first for the College.

If she is selected to receive one of 30 Fulbright Scholarships, Donna will spend next year at the Manchester Polytechnical Institute in England. She is using last summer's internship at the University of Maryland Center of Marine Biotechnology as a foundation for her Fulbright proposal, and she is aiming for a Ph.D. in molecular research and administration of her own team of laboratory researchers.

Her talents in field hockey and lacrosse have been critical factors in the development of both programs at the College. Washington's field hockey squad captured its first Middle Atlantic Conference playoff berth this season, and for the first time was nationally ranked (19th). As Washington's career leader in defensive saves, her skills have helped this year's 10-3-2 Shorewomen team hold opponents to fewer than one goal per game. Additionally, she and fellow seniors Amy Tiehel and Erin O'Neal are the field generals who control the team's emotional performance.

This year's seniors are the first to have such a positive impact on the program. Entering this season, Washington's field hockey program, begun in 1984, had compiled a 32-32 overall record. The 1990-91 seniors, however, had posted records of 8-6, 9-5, and 7-6 during the last three years, and capped their career with the best finish yet, with ten wins and three losses. White attributes a great deal of the success to coach Diane Guinan, who has tended the program since its inception.

"She provides a sense of unity and togetherness, a 'team instinct,'" said White. "She's the foundation of the program, and the reason that it will continue to grow and improve."

Take Me Out Of The Ballgame!

By Dr. Richard Gillin

It was a chance to touch youth once again. There it was: an invitation to play baseball! As I considered the invitation, I recalled hot summer afternoons spent on the first base side of Ebbetts Field watching players of mythic proportions such as Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese, Carl Erskine, and Jackie Robinson, and early spring season games at the Polo Grounds where, after finishing classes, schoolmates and I would gape in awe of the quicksilver flair of Willie Mays. Memories of learning how to drag bunt from Mickey Mantle at Yankee Stadium, and listening to Casey Stengel-ese, flooded back, and piqued my interest in this alumni game.

When I called Ed Athey on the phone to accept, there was a long pause. I felt sure I had made a mistake. "Are you laughing, Ed?" I asked. "No," he said, "I think it's great you're going to come out on Saturday." Now I was not so sure. Was I having a middle-age crisis, or was this some vestige of an adolescent identity crisis? No matter, I could just not show up. No one would notice.

By Friday, several students said they had heard I was going to play. "Yes, I might play if the weather is right," I chuckled faintly. They smiled politely. Oddly encouraged, I began to look forward to the game.

Saturday was magnificent, a perfect day for a ball game. During a summer of intense scholarly work at Princeton a couple of years ago, my wife and children gave me a vintage Brooklyn Dodgers baseball cap as a sign that summers were made for games as well as work. Now was the time for a game.

As I approached the dugout in my vintage cap and new-age track shoes that, with all the variegated stripes and pads fastening the shoes together, look as if I stepped into gum and paper maché, I was self-conscious about how goofy I must have looked compared to the limber and sleek young men around me as they pegged balls from the outfield to home plate. Ed signaled my arrival

with a hearty wave and a "Good to see ya!" Some of the student players looked at me blankly.

"Maybe they think I'm a player from one of Ed's former teams," I thought, and I felt good about the theoretical association. Expecting to meet other members of the alumni team my age, I was reminded of my hubris when the oldest other player turned out to be a former student of mine who graduated in the mid-1980's. None of the other team members seemed to be concerned about my age or my runaway shoes; one former student said he did not recognize me at first since I was not wearing a tie. I was beginning to enjoy the irony of what I had brought on myself.

Knowing that it was essential to do some throwing to loosen up my arm, I began tossing a ball around with Tom Davis as we talked about his job and his days as a pitcher for Washington College. Feelings of awkwardness more or less behind me, I now focused on my glove. My grandfather bought me my baseball glove in 1955. A few years ago on a visit to my parents' house, my daughter found the glove and asked to have it. Well, here I was with a 35-year-old baseball glove, the kind of mini-sized mitt that Billy Cox would have used, with a 28-year-old pitcher firing bullets at me. There was no padding, and the webbing was too small to absorb the shock of the ball. Try as I might there was no safety either for fingers or palm.

Baseball players, I remembered, were always cool. Pete Reiser smashing into the outfield wall would never admit to pain. He would get up, when he was conscious, and simply shrug it off. I had to be cool, but my hand was already ablaze with pain. I never thought about pain as a kid, but I could not banish it now. A couple of solid slaps squarely in the glove's pocket rocked my upper body and squeezed moisture to the front of my eyes. It was better to feel the imprint of the ball's stitches on the flesh and bones of my palm than to miss or drop the ball. Besides, I found that I could throw with force, and I had good control. How quickly I could compensate!

No one else on the field was even born when I last played baseball, and

when the call went up for infielders, I drifted steadily toward second base where I knew I could make the throw to first. "Thwack!" A ground ball skittered down to the third baseman who, in one motion lifted the ball up and threw to first. The shortstop repeated the performance. It was my turn now, but anxiety stiffened my arms and legs. I seemed to hear more clearly than see the ball bullying its way through the grass towards me. I heard echoes of my father's voice from hundreds of games played years ago in the shadow of the George Washington Bridge. "Get over it, get both hands down," he would exclaim. "Thwack! In my reflexive grasp of the ball the thumb of my bare hand centered itself inside the pocket of the glove, and the ball tore off a bit of nail and flesh as it spun into place. But the ball was in my hands, I hadn't dropped it, my throw to first was right on target.

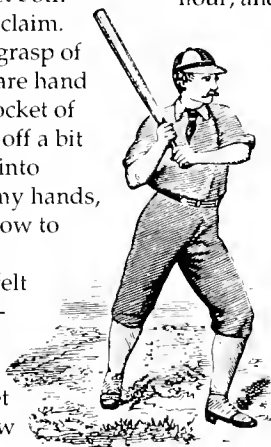
I saw the blood before I felt it. "No," I thought, "if anyone sees me bleeding there might be a fuss, and more importantly I would not get to play!" I shook off the few drops of blood that formed, and then did what all baseball players do. I scooped up a handful of sand, and stuck my thumb in it. It worked. The bleeding stopped, just in time.

"Second base," yelled the catcher, and I ran over to the cover the base. The ball rose up and flashed like the sun's reflection off the arch of a fish's back, and it came in low, then lower in a powerful spin. Both hands were down to trap the streak in front of me, but my momentary fascination with the ball's flight distracted me. An astoundingly sharp pain shot up from the index finger of my exposed hand just where the ball crashed into the tip. I knew it was broken immediately, because it was numb. I did not drop the ball, but I also could not feel it since my thumb and index finger shut down sensory information for the day.

I was second in the batting order, and when my turn came I felt confident that I would continue to do what I used to be good at: getting lots of hits. The smug confidence of a ten-year-old evaporated as I entered the batter's box with a middle-aged body and reflexes that were now alternating

between entropy and circuit overload. The sound of my own breathing amplified by the plastic helmet was joined in a haunting duet as the breeze whistled through the earholes.

There was little glamor in my life as an English professor in the eyes of my children, who were now seated in the stands calling out in mock irony, "Go for it Dr. Gillin!" A hit delivered with authority, a nonchalant yet triumphal run to the bases, and the children would discover wonderful talents long idle: they would be awed! The first pitch went by at about 70 miles per hour, and terror raced from my viscera



After striking out a second time I realized that I was not looking at the ball, but was reacting to the theatricality of the scene.

to my extremities. I could barely hold the bat steady, and my breathing became shallow. I heard the smack of the ball in the catcher's mitt as I lurched toward the ball. Embarrassment combined with my quivering nerve endings to ensure two more disjointed swings. Out on strikes. Out of the corner of my eye I saw my children leaving the stands, heading in the direction of the lacrosse game. There would be no joy in Quaker Neck tonight!

Out on the field once again I felt more in control. True, my fingers were numb, thereby making each throw a challenge, but I hadn't made any errors. With a man on first, I was covering second when a throw came whizzing my way. Yes, I caught the ball and avoided the rapidly swelling thumb and index finger, but I jammed the middle finger. Three fingers of my right hand were numb and promised revenge for the next week, but the rhythm of the game was coming back in force to me now, and some boyish part of me was exulting in the attempt.

After striking out a second time I realized that I was not looking at the ball, but was reacting to the theatrical-

ity of the scene. I was calm, resigned, for my final at bat. I asked if the pitcher would consider throwing underhanded, but he did not react. Perhaps he did not hear me. I grasped the bat firmly with my left hand and two fingers of my right hand, and I stared hard at the incoming missile. "Clack!" Foul ball, but I was encouraged by the contact. On the next pitch my body moved into the ball and there was the wonderful explosion of horsehide against the shank of the bat, and the ball leaped to right field. The rightfielder snatched the ball out of the air, but it was enough for me, for today. I felt fulfilled.

As I walked off Kibler Field I stepped on a bat hidden in the grass like an assassin, and I felt a distinctive "pop" as the weight of my body lurched over my collapsing foot. "Be cool," I remembered, as I hobbled to my car, my sprained foot clenched, and with my oversized, multi-colored, sand-coated right hand raised as a counterbalance.

Memories of intense games with close friends from 30 years ago, the lore of baseball in New York City in the 1950's, and the bodily rhythms and sensations were rekindled on that bright fall afternoon. They mingled with the memory of those friends killed in war, stadiums no longer in existence, teams moved, and of my physical vulnerability. The effect was to confirm a sense of continuity. A wonderful tension between what the muscles and bones know, and what the mind thinks, teases our imagination with hopes of what might be. In time the pain in my fingers will stop, and the memory of it will challenge me to try to be better. If I am fortunate I will feel once again the rush of youthful play and dream about the perfection of a game. Watch out, Ed, for as Shelley more or less said: "If winter comes can spring training be far behind?" Or as they used to say in Brooklyn after a heartbreaking season, "Wait 'til next year!"

Dr. Richard Gillin is a Professor of English at Washington College.

Let The Good Times Roll . . . But At What Price?

by Sue De Pasquale '87

Students in the audience at Fall Convocation this year were taken aback when student government president Stuart Neiman '92 took the podium to deliver his greetings. Instead of the usual year opening pep talk, Neiman launched into a powerful warning about the perils of abusing drugs—particularly alcohol. "What price are people willing to pay for the good times?" he asked. Partying is "too much a part of what Washington College is all about, and too many students have little concern for anything other than just getting by. Studies take second place," he said. He urged his classmates to take responsibility for their behavior, and not to "accept mediocrity" from themselves and their academic work.

During the same month as Neiman's address, the Washington College *Elm* ran stories about campus vandalism, weekend brawls between party-goers, and student reports of date rape—all linked to the over-consumption of alcohol.

"The majority of crimes reported to us on campus do involve alcohol," says Jerry Roderick, director of security. Washington College is not unique. On campuses across the nation, tragic outcomes to alcohol-related incidents are being reported with increasing frequency. In the last few years, students at Rutgers University, University of California-Berkeley, and Yale University ended up with more than a hang-over after drinking too much. They died from alcohol poisoning.

Like administrators at other colleges and universities, those at Washington College find themselves between a rock and a hard place. Most students consider alcohol an intrinsic element of the college social scene. An initiation to adulthood. "Drinking is an important part of education and a part of life," says Steve Klein '91, a lacrosse player and member of the Lambda fraternity. "There are a lot of people who didn't learn how to handle [alcohol] in high school.

"They've got to learn sometime. They can't wait until they're out in the 'real world' to try it for the first time," he says.

Even alumni find that their fondest college memories are often inextricably linked to free-flowing frat parties, Wednesday nights at Newt's, or get-togethers where they raised a glass—or a can—with their professors.

President Charles H. Trout tells of his Inauguration night in October—an unseasonably warm, moon-bathed evening that drew hundreds of students, as well as alumni and faculty, onto the terrace of the Miller Library to dance to the reggae beat of "Black Sheep." The College served a variety of non-alcoholic beverages, and, for sure, there were occasional students with a can of beer in hand. But what

Studies have shown that the highest frequency of drinking occurs during the college ages. There's a certain amount of acting out, of exploration, of finding out where your limits are, and that's okay. What's not okay is people hurting other people.

—Dr. Walter Roemer



struck Trout most was the "feeling of warmth and community spirit" that enveloped all the revelers there that evening. "Who wants to declare war on that kind of a scene?" he asks.

The sobering fact remains, however, that for the great majority of students on campus today, drinking alcohol is an illegal activity. The state of Maryland raised the legal drinking age from 18 to 21 in 1987. Since that time, the College has established a student alcohol policy and progressively added teeth to it.

"Fifteen years ago, before we had an alcohol policy and the drinking age was 18, it was nothing to hear about a student party with 15 or 16 kegs of beer," says Maureen McIntire, dean of student affairs. "Today, that would be unheard of."

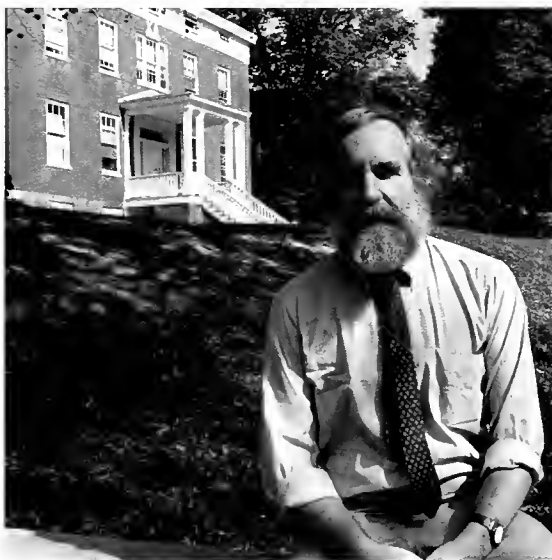
The arrival this year of Trout — who hails from a university whose faculty recently voted to abolish fraternities (the Colgate Trustees subsequently approved a number of strict reforms but stopped short of abolition) fueled the fear among students earlier in the year that the Washington College campus was headed for dry times.

The new president attempted to defuse the issue with a letter to the editor of the *Elm*: "I wish to state emphatically that I have no ambition to make Washington College a dry campus," he wrote in the September 21 issue. "My concern is that we achieve an appropriate level of social responsibility. . . . To be silent when human lives and College property are trashed is something to which I will not be party. In the meantime, however, I have no interest in abolishing good times at Washington College."

As it stands now, fraternities or other student groups who want to host an all-campus party must first register it with the Office of Student Affairs, McIntire says. The party organizers "fill out a form stating where the party will be held and how many people are expected to come, and then I sit down with them and go over the form," she explains, adding, "I use it as an excuse to talk about how to keep the party under control." No party can be registered on a weeknight, and organizers are expected to check a student's ID

before serving him or her beer. However, most underage party-goers don't find it all that difficult to end up with a cup of beer in their hand, students say.

At the Coffee House, the story is different. Since the student pub is run by the College, bartenders are strict about serving only those who are 21 or older, who are then braceleted for the evening, says Jeff DeMoss, student center director. As a result, sales are way down. "Five years ago, we were serving \$15,000-\$20,000 in alcohol during the nine-month academic year," says DeMoss. "Now we're serving



\$4,000."

Without the lure of beer, the Coffee House has lost its popularity as a student hangout. "It's pretty dead there during the week," reports Susan Di Leo '91, former *Elm* editor. On Sunday and Tuesday nights, no alcohol is served at all, DeMoss says. Student patrons are encouraged to come up with "non-alcoholic functions" instead. So far, attendance has been abysmal. "I rack my brain daily to try to come up with something," says SGA president Neiman, "but the only thing worse than a gesture that doesn't work is a token gesture."

Even the weekends are slow. In September, the SGA sponsored a \$900 band to play in the Coffee House on a Saturday night when two other campus parties were in full swing. "We had five people show up," says DeMoss. Comments Neiman, "The people go where there's alcohol and good times."

Underage students who want to get together to watch Monday Night Foot-

ball and down a few beers have no trouble doing so — as long as they stay behind the closed door of their dorm rooms. Dorm lounges and hallways are off limits for drinking, at least officially. Security officers who come across an unregistered party in a lounge are supposed to move it into someone's room, Roderick says. But one resident assistant, who says his charges "drink quietly and responsibly" in their lounge, reports, "When they see that [students] aren't ripping things off the walls and diving out the windows, security doesn't care. They

If one out of every nine drinkers nationally is an alcoholic, you can be sure we probably have that same statistic on campus . . . It's very difficult for any student who wants to be abstinent on this campus.

—Dr. Walter Roemer

just keep on walking."

To be sure, not every Washington College student drinks to excess every weekend. And most of those who do drink know how to control themselves. "But it only takes two or three negligent people to screw it up for the 600 or 700 responsible people," says Joe Hamilton '92, a resident assistant in Caroline House.

A rock thrown through the window of the new Arts Center. An inebriated frat member who shouts obscenities for half an hour in the firelane. A television set hurled out of a men's dorm. Incidents like these may be isolated, but on a campus as small as Washington College's, they attract considerable attention and cause many people to talk.

"Since I started working on campus, I've grown extremely alarmed by the fights and emergency room visits associated with drunkenness on weekends," says Dr. Walter Roemer, a psychologist who specializes in drug and alcohol addiction counseling. Roemer has office hours on campus two nights each week. Roughly a quarter of the

students he sees have problems relating to drug and alcohol use. Some of these students are referred to him by the Student Affairs Office because they've been involved repeatedly in drunken fights, he says. Some are referred by their coaches, as an alternative to kicking them off the team. A few come of their own accord.

Studies have shown that the highest frequency of drinking occurs during the college ages," Roemer says. "There's a certain amount of acting out, of exploration, of finding out where your limits are, and that's okay."

What's not okay, he says, "is people hurting other people." The Chester-town resident says his "greatest fear" is that one night a carload of happily inebriated students headed toward Smiley's will swerve into the path of a pick-up truck steered by a young mother — "and a lot of people will die."

Some of the students Roemer treats already have crossed that hazy line between alcohol abuse and alcohol addiction. "If one out of every nine drinkers nationally is an alcoholic, you can be sure we probably have that same statistic on campus," he says. Once Roemer determines that a student client is indeed suffering from alcoholism, he evaluates the student for a possible in-patient treatment program. So far, he's made three referrals. Each of these students has returned to campus and successfully managed a recovery program.

"We're talking about kids who were on the verge of getting kicked out, who were in the middle to late stages of alcoholism," he explains. Roemer worked out a plan with the Student Affairs deans which allowed the students to return to Washington College only after completing a 28-day in-patient treatment program. The students also agreed to attend weekly Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and to meet regularly with Roemer once they

returned to campus. Ongoing counseling and support is crucial, he says, "because it's very difficult for any student who wants to be abstinent on this campus."

Unlike those of earlier generations, many of today's students arrive as freshmen with a hefty amount of drinking experience already under their belts, addiction counselors say. "As a student, I didn't do any drinking until I got to college. That's where I cut my teeth," says Doug Gates '59, director of alcohol and drug abuse services for Queen Anne's County and a recovery

support group for recovering alcoholics at Washington College. He'd also like to see special interest housing for students who want to live in a drug and alcohol free environment. An effort has been made during the last few years to establish a "substance-free" floor, says Dean McIntire, but student response has been poor. The handful of students who have expressed an interest are usually satisfied to live on a co-ed quiet floor, she says.

A similar fate befell a student program that Roemer tried to launch last year. He organized a four-part workshop that touched on issues of alcohol addiction, driving while intoxicated, and taking responsibility for drinking at parties, he says. His intention was to have fraternity and sorority members, as well as resident assistants, cycle through the workshop and take a written test at its conclusion. Two members of a student organization would have to pass the test, and one agree to remain sober during the event, before the group could sponsor a party. Only six students enrolled in the voluntary workshop. "I gave up, frankly," Roemer says.

McIntire has found that "overt" efforts at alcohol and drug education just don't work. "Kids get so much of that kind of information in high school, that by the time they get here, they feel like they've O.D.'d on it. They don't respond well to it." She's a believer, instead, in the

"trickle down effect" — "working with student leaders in the hope that they'll transmit to others what they absorb." For example, the training program for resident assistants includes informational sessions on learning to spot addiction and encouraging classmates to drink responsibly. In what he calls "Uncle Walter's Chat," Roemer makes the rounds of every freshman dorm early in the year, equipped with "pamphlets and prophylactics." He speaks



Members of Theta Chi pose for their 1950 Pegasus photo.

My concern is that we achieve an appropriate level of social responsibility . . . To be silent when human lives and College property are trashed is something to which I will not be party. In the meantime, however, I have no interest in abolishing good times at Washington College.

—President Charles Trout

ering alcoholic. "Today? Good lord! We're treating kids who are ten and eleven years old. By the time they reach college age, they've had lots of drinking experience."

The earlier a person begins drinking, Gates says, the more quickly he or she "gets into trouble" with addiction. As a result, he says, "I know there's more alcoholism today among college students than there was 20 years ago."

Roemer's goal is to start a student

candidly with them about the risk of AIDS, and discusses the symptoms of drug and alcohol dependency. He urges the freshmen not to "diagnose" their friends, but to get them into counseling if a dependency problem seems to exist.

In an admittedly "low-key" attempt at student education, Jeff DeMoss recently installed a wooden showcase outside the Coffee House, which he filled with informational pamphlets such as "Hangovers: The Agony After the Ecstasy," and "Alcohol: How it Can Affect Your Health and Nutrition." Within a week, all the brochures were gone. "There's a definite interest out there," he says.

Some of the efforts to encourage responsible drinking do seem to be sinking in, says Roderick. Since the security director came to Washington College eight years ago, acts of vandalism and assaults and batteries have decreased. False alarms, often triggered by inebriated carousers in the early hours of the morning, have also been reduced. "We're making progress each year," he says.

Date rape remains a cause for concern, however. "There's no question that alcohol has played a part in all the cases with which I've had personal contact," McIntire says. The first inci-

dent was reported five years ago. So far this year, three cases have been officially reported. McIntire has heard of another two "unofficially" through her RA staff. The increase can be attributed to "consciousness raising" efforts,

Fifteen years ago, before we had an alcohol policy and the drinking age was 18, it was nothing to hear about a student party with 15 or 16 kegs of beer. Today, that would be unheard of.

—Dean Maureen McIntire

according to McIntire. "We've made certain that students realize that given situations [do constitute] rape." In all three reports formally lodged this year, the "perpetrator" has not been a current student, McIntire says. One case is currently under investigation by the local police, Roderick reports.

If vandalism as a result of drinking is occurring less frequently, and if stu-

dents today are partying with fewer kegs than their predecessors, then why are student leaders like Stuart Neiman painting such a gloomy picture?

The answer may lie in society's changing attitude toward drinking. Two decades ago, many drinkers wouldn't have thought twice about getting behind the wheel of a car. Today, thanks to massive efforts by groups like Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD), the term "designated driver" has become a regular part of the American vocabulary. "Students growing up today have a lot less tolerance for irresponsible drinking," says Roderick. "That's the trend nationally."

Neiman says he had planned to give the "typical flowery Convocation speech" until a casual conversation with an upperclassman changed his mind. They were chatting about the crisis in the Middle East when the student commented, "Yeah, it's amazing that the Ayatollah is up to his old games again." Neiman says he was dumbfounded. He realized that his friend spent so much of his time downing beers, he was several years behind on world events. Neiman guessed that his revised talk wouldn't make him popular, but says, "I'd rather address these issues at Convo-

Maryland Colleges Clamp Down On Campus Drinking

When the University of Maryland recently banned kegs and weeknight parties, college students across Maryland wondered whether their campus would be next in line for tighter restrictions on student drinking. We polled a few Maryland private colleges to see what their alcohol policies entail.

It seems as though everyone is tightening the screws. At Mount St. Mary's College in rural Emmitsburg, kegs have been outlawed "for the last four years, at least," says the director of public affairs, and the campus alcohol policy was extensively rewritten last year. "There is a sense on campus," says Mike Diegel, "that if one is to say we comply with state laws, one needs to send [students]

the message that we're prepared to enforce that." Mount Saint Mary's officials recently stiffened fines for violations, and their President announced this fall that he will rescind scholarship aid to repeat offenders.

At Johns Hopkins University Trish Martin, director of the Substance Abuse Prevention Program, says they have targeted the campus as a whole (faculty, staff and students) for educational and preventive "wellness" programs. Programs run the gamut from stress management and decision-making to safe sex and safe partying. Now officials are reexamining guidelines for parties sponsored by greek organizations; meanwhile, all student parties now require the attendance of a "party monitor" who checks ID's and helps keep legal drinking moderate.

Western Maryland College was dry during the entire first semester of this year — but not by choice. The college lost its liquor license for six months "for a minor infraction," says Joyce

Muller, Director of Public Relations. When their license is reinstated next semester, campus drinking will undoubtedly be by the book. No minor may purchase, consume or serve alcoholic beverages. Kegs are prohibited on campus without permission of the Office of Student Affairs, and all social gatherings (more than five people) must be registered in the Office of Residence Life.

Goucher College may have the strictest policy — no liquor is permitted at any campus event where minors are present. At private parties of legal-aged students, alcohol cannot be sold, a bouncer must be hired and two ID's are needed. No kegs are permitted. Repeat offenders face dismissal.

Yet even this clamp-down hasn't changed students' drinking habits, claims Julie Collier, Dean of Students. "We've taken alcohol out of all parties, and now they come to parties drunk."

Harpo, A Byronic Hero?

When I was sophomore I fell madly in love with a senior. His name was Ron Reynolds but everybody called him Harpo because of the long blonde curls fleeing from his brain. Harpo was the stuff that campus legends are made of. He drank beer on long bus rides to away games and starred on the soccer field. He drank martinis from beer pitchers in the basement of East Hall and could, and would, recite Yeats until morning. He never graduated. He was given one last chance in 17th Century Lit. He wrote on Bacon, Esskay not Francis, and flunked out. Another friend, however, won honors for his paper titled "Harpo, a Byronic Hero." I lived with Harpo for two years until I was too tired to love him anymore.

Three years ago Harpo died from drinking. About a year after that I went into treatment for alcohol abuse. In this program I learned, for the first time, that a high tolerance for alcohol is evidence of a biochemical, often genetic, predisposition to addiction. When I was in college I thought that drunks were those who staggered home from the Tavern after two pitchers of beer. I have learned, albeit late, to be more concerned for those who can drink a bottle of bourbon and ace a physics exam. Or just pass a physics exam. Or recite Yeats.



I spent 28 days in rehabilitation. I learned about the neurochemistry of alcoholism and the progressive stages of the disease, its physical and inevitable social consequences. I thought a lot about Harpo. I will never know if, by knowing what I know now, I might have saved his life as my friends saved mine.

In the 1972 yearbook there is a photograph of the Sigs on the dock at the Glass House. Three of these fabulously funny guys have died from alcohol and other drugs. I would not go back to change the crazy days we spent together because I will never be able to separate long nights of drink-

ing from the wild imaginations and inexhaustible energies that I loved so much. I want everyone who goes to Washington College to have fun and friends like I had. I only hope that today's students are better educated about alcohol and addiction so that they will be able to some day recognize when the excitement ends and the exhaustion begins. So that, one day, they might be able to save the life of someone they love.

*Pat Trams '75
Director of Alumni Affairs
Recovering Alcoholic*

cation than lament over problems at Commencement."

Students themselves differ on whether drinking is really a problem. Some, like Steve Klein, argue that mountains are being made out of molehills. "People in places of importance blow minor [incidents] out of proportion," says the business major. "I think it's eventually going to be a dry campus, which will be pretty sad."

Others, like Joe Hamilton, contend their classmates are "wasting" their college experience by drinking so frequently. "I don't drink every weekend," says Hamilton. "Some weekends there are things to be done. It's the people who drink heavily who com-

plain the loudest that it's boring here, that there's nothing to do," he says disgustedly.

Hamilton continues, "There are wonderful cities nearby — this is a rich area to be in, culturally." By mid-October, he and his friends had used the College's "culture vans" to attend five different events, he says. Most recently, they heard writer Hunter S. Thompson speak at George Mason University. "We didn't pay a cent," he says. "It's just a matter of students taking some control of their lives."

His remarks strike at the heart of what some people find most troubling about student drinking in the '90s. The concern is not so much the amount of

alcohol being consumed, says McIntire, but "why so many students find drinking the only relaxing activity." Why, for example, a fraternity party lures 300 students, while a violin concert draws only six. Today's young adults belong to an "unengaged" generation, she posits. A generation raised in the passive blue glow of television. "We need to figure out what lights their fire," the student dean says. "We need to do more to get them engaged in things outside the classroom...things in which they can funnel their energies."

Sue De Pasquale '87 is associate editor of Johns Hopkins Magazine.

In Search Of Mr. Rock And Other Fishy Tales

by Jim Landskroener M'91

Several months back, a cry came forth from the Maryland Department of Natural Resources. "There's rockfish in them thar waters; have at 'em!" Across the state, hundreds of charter boat captains and thousands of sport fishermen rallied to the call. On October 5, they pounced on the Bay and its tributaries like birds on a freshly plowed field. From that Friday through the following Monday, Columbus Day, Mother Nature responded with four beautiful days of warm sunny weather; and the busiest four days of fishing in the state's history had begun.

As it turned out, what was supposed to be a five-week season lasted only ten days for sport fishermen and not much longer for charter boats, so great was the number of fish brought out during those first frenzied days. To understand a public response that would have rivaled even an Orioles' World Series, it may help to look at the way nature and man have conspired to create, for better and worse, this rockfish mania.

So for those of you who a) have not long lived in the Land-of-Louis (a.k.a. God's Country), b) read a newspaper in the last few months, or c) are so out of touch that even the Irangate jury selection process missed you, join me in search of the King of the Bay, *Chesapeakus delecticus*, Mr. Rock — the striped bass.

Now before we plumb the icy depths of the inky deep (or is that the inky depths of the icy deep, I never could keep that straight), I should be up front about my own personal fishing experience. I am not completely bereft of funds. As a salute to writers, fisherman, and anyone else who would never allow the facts to get in the way of a good story, I offer the following anecdotal evidence.

When I was eleven, my father asked if I would like to join him as he conducted a "business seminar" with a "party" of customers. To maximize the seminar's effectiveness, my father had arranged the perfect executive setting, a charter boat out of Rock Hall. I was chosen to replace a gentleman who had dropped out, probably because at that time in my life I had an innate talent for fetching and opening cans of beer. Even better, the next day was a school day; no way was I going to turn this down.

We ate a pre-dawn breakfast at a little harborside restaurant that has since been razed to make room for a boat-el, whatever that is. Trolling for a few hours, I finally had a strike. Unfortunately, I brought up one of the most hideous of nature's designs — the dreaded toadfish. (To those that have never seen one and are skeptical of its actual existence, I can refer you to Boysenberry's *Nature's Oddities*; look under 'O' for "Oh-my-God-what-IS-that-thing!" Honest.)

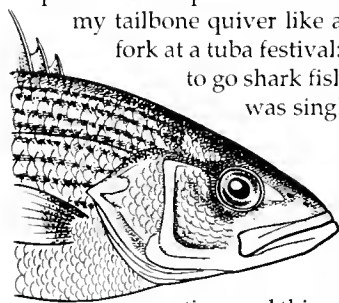


Chesapeakus delecticus, Mr. Rock, is proudly displayed by fisherman Roy Lambden. He claims the catch took him three days and cost \$75,000. Honest.

Fishermen hate toadfish for several reasons. They are worthless, ugly (imagine a big, fat toad face with fins and teeth), and play hell with your bait. If it hasn't swallowed the hook, you have to beat its boney little brain against the side of the boat until it lets go. A lot of good marine paint has been lost this way. If it swallows the hook, which it usually will, its primordial gastric juices immediately fuse metal to stomach lining. In this case, you simply have to cut the line. Of course, it is always customary to beat its boney little brain against the side of the boat, anyway, out of spite. If nothing else, toadfish are a great way to relieve tension.

I didn't catch any fish that day, but who cares. I got a day off from school, got to wale on a bunch of toadfish, and got to open beers all day. We even had subs for lunch! Yes indeed, I was born to fish.

Years later, a friend called late one night (a dark and stormy night). Quietly, desperately, he breathed into the phone five simple words which made my tailbone quiver like a tuning fork at a tuba festival: "Want to go shark fishing?" I was single at the



time and this was just what I needed — a manly job for manly men. The next day, we headed out into Delaware Bay from Lewes. Beneath the drone of the engine, the opening measures of Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring* could be faintly heard.

The shark fishing equipment was everything I had hoped it would be: rods as thick and strong as golf course flagsticks, heavy line attached to impervious steel cables long enough to reach from the beast's stomach to well past its hideous mouth, and hooks that might well have been used for sides of beef or mobsters fallen from grace.

As the boat slowed, I looked around for the bait. Having read about the things usually found in a shark's stomach, I expected to find a great bloody barrel full of boots and old license plates. Turns out you just use fish. Beside the captain was a shotgun.

"When you bring a him up alongside the boat, you got to get a gaff in him. Don't want no live shark in the boat. But sometimes, he's too big to try and gaff. . ."

"So you shoot him!"

"Well, not to kill him. You use a lead deer slug and fire at the top of his head. Even at point blank range, the slug won't break the skin, just flattens out like a silver dollar. That usually stuns him long enough to use the gaff." Wow! This was going to be great.

Well, not really. We did have one strike. Honest. A BIG one took the bait and swam circles around the boat for about half an hour. Honest. Then, the line went slack. At the end we found six feet of steel cable, bitten through; the hook, bait and remaining cable, as well as our hopes for glory, soon to be just so much shark dung. Honest.

My wife and I now rent a little house on Herrington Creek, down there in Skinner's Neck. There is a dock, so Diane bought me a rod and reel. Our friend Dennis Hogans, a master of the game, told me that I could probably catch perch in the creek. "What do I use for bait?" I won-

Not even the blue crab rivaled the rockfish as the true defining species of the Chesapeake Bay. Yet for the last five years, until that brief shining moment in October, the mere mention of "rockfish" and "frying pan" in the same sentence could land a person in front of a judge.

dered, joyfully contemplating elaborate lures employing the latest in subsonic stealth technology. "Clam snouts," he replied. That's the weird leathery foot that sticks out from a soft-shelled clam. Somewhat disappointed, and a little skeptical, I went to the sporting goods rack at Drug Fair and bought a hook. Then I went to Rock Hall Seafood where I had to shell out ninety cents for a bucket of about five thousand clam snouts.

Well, Dennis knows his stuff. After a while came a tug on the line and several milliseconds of ferocious struggle. In less than the time it takes to see if anyone is watching, I proudly

brought up the best looking perch I had ever seen. It was huge, at least five inches long. Honest. I stood on the dock letting it flippy-flap on the line, practicing a few photo-op stances. I had just put him in a bucket when the phone rang. Diane, at a friend's house, was on the way home. "Have I got a surprise for you," I said.

I met her as she pulled up, dying to find out my secret. We went around back of the house, but the bucket was empty. As Diane gazed into the bucket, I looked up and saw the neighbor's cat shooting off around the corner, something silvery in its mouth. Diane never saw it, he was too fast. She still thinks I'm making this up.

A fisherman's life is fraught with disappointment, which naturally leads us to:

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE STRIPED BASS

Some of you may have faded memories of sitting down in front of inch-thick rockfish steaks as big as a plate, or tender fillets hiding beneath a soft, sweet mound of crab imperial. But that was long ago and far away, before the rockfish numbers dwindled to such low levels that Congress, in 1984, at the urging of the Atlantic States Ma-

rine Fisheries Commission, passed the Atlantic Striped Bass Conservation Act, imposing a strict moratorium on striped bass fishing. Not even the blue crab rivaled the rockfish as the true defining species of the Chesapeake Bay. Yet for the last five years, until that brief shining moment in October, the mere mention of "rock-

fish" and "frying pan" in the same sentence could land a person in front of a judge.

What happened? Most scientists now believe the culprit is acid rain. It seems that a sudden thunderstorm can be quite effective at scrubbing the skies clean and dumping an acidic brew that at times has been measured to be stronger than vinegar. In a direct sense, this raises the acid level in the tributaries to such an extent that the rockfish eggs and larvae become severely weakened. But if the acid level provides a serious kidney punch, the runoff also contains other nasty by-products that finish off the job.

As the acid rain rushes across farmland, it scours away pesticides and fertilizers and efficiently leaches out metal contaminants from the soil. Apparently, the worst of these is aluminum, although arsenic, lead, zinc, nickel and several others from the Periodic Table's Greatest Hits tag along. This acid-metal cocktail is a real killer.

Beginning in the mid-fifties, the state began compiling a "juvenile index" on rockfish. The fingerlings, those fish two to five months old, would be rounded up at various spots along the Bay with a small seine net, counted, and released. Until the 1980's, the average haul would be about ten; "dominant years" were those in which the count was fifteen or higher.

The index had its peaks and valleys. It seems that dominant years are generally followed by very small counts. Some say this is due to the fact that a rockfish, which is carnivorous and tends to stay in the protective area of the spawning grounds for at least a year, enjoys nothing better than having its new-born siblings for lunch. A lot of hungry one-year-olds does not bode well for baby.

But from 1980 to 1984, the proverbial bottom dropped out. In four of those five years, the index count was less than two, the best was only a little over eight. At the same time, the rockfish harvest went from almost fifteen millions pounds in 1973 to less than 2 million in 1982. 1984 came along, Congress acted—for once—and that was that.

"THEY'RE BACK"

Well, as expected (or at least hoped) allowing Mr. Rock to cruise the Bay unmolested for the few years it needs to grow large enough to face ocean waters produced the desired result. The index rose slightly, tentatively, for a few years, then zingo!—jumped up to over twenty-five in 1989. Before you could say "Pass the lemon butter," fishermen began to wonder if enough

wasn't enough. Ban the ban, full speed ahead.

At the DNR, pressure was mounting. The 1990 index was low, but not totally unexpected (see above, under "lunch"). "Okay, if you all will stop waving your fishing rods at us for one minute we'll figure something out." Which they did.

The powers that be came up with a figure of 750,000 pounds of silvery fish flesh as the limit for a trial open season. This was segmented into three portions—318,000 for individual sport fishermen; 112,000 for charter boats; and 318,000 for commercial fishermen, during a season to begin January 2, 1991. The catch would be restricted to

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Before you could say "Pass the lemon butter," fishermen began to wonder if enough wasn't enough. Ban the ban, full speed ahead.

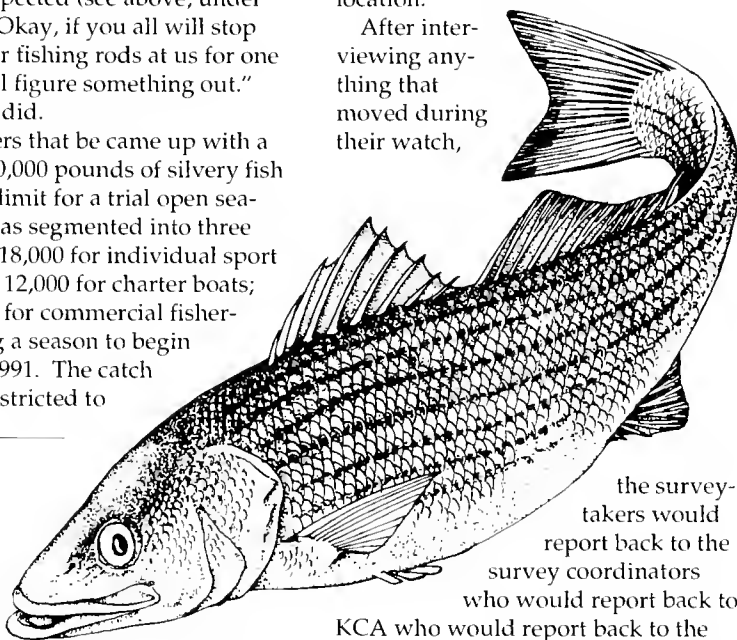
limit is reached, the season is cut off.

Now comes the tricky part. Some have estimated that as many as fifty thousand fishermen would be vying for those 318,000 pounds. If the average fish in that size range weighs in at about six pounds, that only leaves one per customer. Without fifty thousand concerned conservationists dogging the trail of all those fishermen, how do you know when the limit is reached?

The DNR contracted with a company — KCA, in Alexandria, Virginia — that specializes in providing just the kind of survey data needed. KCA hired about eighty survey-takers to cover approximately three hundred sites chosen by the DNR. Survey coordinators received a randomly generated list of sites and times, again from the DNR, for each day. They in turn would get on the horn and tell their survey takers where to be and at what time. The survey takers would stand

around for a shift of four hours and wait for people coming in, and/or keep an eye on those fishing from the shore or pier, depending on the location.

After interviewing anything that moved during their watch,



the survey-takers would report back to the survey coordinators who would report back to

KCA who would report back to the DNR. Whew, got that? As the numbers rolled in, the DNR would take the KCA data, and through the miracle of modern statistical analysis, determine how many fish were being caught. Obviously, they were actually counting only a small fraction of the catch, but as every math and psychology student knows, statistics aren't perfect, but you have to trust them because they're the only game in town.

Well, from October 5 to October 8, there were more boats on the Bay than diapers in a landfill. Some say that if it wasn't for the Coast Guard keeping boats out of the channel beneath the Bay Bridge, you could have walked from Sandy Point to Kent Island with no problem. And probably picked up several beers along the way.

Thus, about a week into the five-week season, the DNR announced, "Whoa, that's all folks! We hope it was fun while it lasted." Believe it or not, for most it was.

PASS THE CRAB IMPERIAL, PLEASE

I figured I'd try to catch up with a real fisherman, personal experience notwithstanding. Now finding a fisherman in Rock Hall is about as hard as walking outside and finding air to breathe. So on the afternoon of October 14, the day the season was due to close, I caught up with Dennis Hogans (see above, under "clam snouts").

Dennis had been out several times that week. He had caught a few rock, but mostly blues. (Around here, bluefish are like zucchini at the end of summer, you can't give them away.)

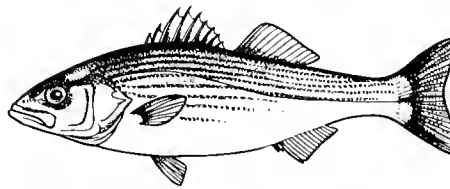
"Where's a good spot to go for rockfish," I asked. He explained that they are basically all over the place, it's all a matter of using the right bait and being in the right place at the right time.

When I asked him where he went over the past few days, he gave me the kind of cryptic answer one might expect from a person who values the knowledge of a good fishing spot. He ran off names like Hickory Thicket, Mary Jane, Gomer's Pile. I was tempted to nail him down on actual creek names, but decided not to bother.

"When you're out in the Bay, you've got to know the waters, keep your 'ear to the rail' as they say. The old-timers will tell you that 'on the 13th, they'll be in the cut,' which meant that they would be up in the creeks. But I don't know about that one. Probably some old guy caught a lot of fish on the 13th in some creek when the tide was running and figured he was on to something." Such is the birth of fish lore.

As far as bait goes, if you are bottom fishing — cast out, let the bait sink, and just wait — peeler crabs are popular, but

in their absence small eels will do. If the lure is moving, either by trolling from a boat or reeling in after each cast, spoons seem to be most effective. As they slip through the water, they wobble back



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and forth reflecting light, easily mistaken for a small fish. The bigger the spoon, the bigger the fish, presumably.

The season's closing was not without casualties. As we were talking Woody Loller, a friend of Dennis's, pulled up. He was going down to a secluded dock owned by Dennis's brother for one last try. Woody's father had planned to come visit, hoping to catch a few rock, but the season's

abrupt ending had spoiled the plan. Woody was bummed. He spoke a little sadly about rockfishing. Dennis, hoping to cheer him up, told him about the one that got away — "a good ten-pounder, at least. Honest."

They had a good laugh over the enormous sums of money many people were shelling out in equipment, gasoline or to charter boats, only to come back empty. Woody borrowed a couple of spoons, and drove off.

Later that afternoon, I looked out at Herrington Creek and wondered if there wasn't a rockfish in there with my name on it. But I realized I would have much better luck in a few months, when the commercial season opens.

At that time, I think I'll go down to Waterman's Crabhouse on Rock Hall harbor, where, if my timing is right, I'll

find him on the menu. Then, I'll sit back, stare out across the water, gaze down at my plate, fork in hand, and be grateful for the one that didn't get away.

When he's not out shark fishing, Jim Landskroener teaches at the Kent School just outside Chestertown. He will soon receive his Master's degree in English from Washington College.

Rockfish Stuffed With Crab Imperial

The staff of the *Washington College Magazine* was so carried away by Rockfish madness (and Trout delirium) that we decided to offer up our heretofore unpublished rockfish recipe for any of you who had better luck in The Ten Days of the Rockfish than we did.

I. Catch a rockfish or two. Have a friend clean it and cut it so you end up with six good-sized fillets (8 to 10 ounces each). Invite that friend to dinner. Remove skin from fillets and slit the tops to form pouches to hold the stuffing. Butter the fillets, and

salt and pepper lightly. Make this stuffing:

II. For imperial stuffing:

one pound crabmeat, preferably backfin

one tablespoon butter

one tablespoon flour

one-half cup milk

one teaspoon minced onion

one and a half teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

one-quarter cup breadcrumbs

one-half cup mayonnaise

one tablespoon lemon juice

Paprika, for sprinkling

III. Make a roux in a medium saucepan with melted butter and flour. Slowly add milk, stirring constantly to

prevent lumps. Cook, stirring, over medium heat until mixture comes to boil and thickens. Stir in onion, Worcestershire sauce and bread crumbs. Cool.

Fold in mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Gently add crabmeat to sauce mixture, being careful not to break up lump meat.

Stuff the rockfish with the crab mixture. Place in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with paprika. Bake for approximately 35 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Serves six.



The State Of The Soviet Union: Will The Union Endure?

by Dr. Nathan Smith

Most people simply call the place Russia, after the dominant core nationality and the persisting memory of the old Russian empire. In the last two years, however, it has become apparent to anyone following the news that half the population is not ethnically Russian, that the Soviet Union is indeed a multinational state, and a union that seems to be coming apart at the seams. Can this Union be preserved?

The events that propelled the long quiescent issue of nationalism to the top of an already crowded agenda of problems confronting the Communist leadership and demanding rapid resolution came from all directions, from Central Asia to the Baltic, from the Transcaucasus to Siberia, from Moscow to Lvov. They are still in progress today. Most violent were the interethnic hatreds, suspicions and rivalries that broke the usual bonds of restraint and took on the forms of rioting, armed clashes, lynch mob pogrom attacks, acts of terrorism.

Hundreds were killed, many thousands were injured, and hundreds of thousands were forced to flee. Government troops and riot police took an additional toll of victims, as when demonstrations in Tbilisi against the mistreatment of fellow Georgians in Abkhazia were repressed with sharpened spades and strong riot gas. The flare-up of long-smoldering bitterness between Armenians and Azeri Turks is perhaps the best known case. Insistent nationalist pressure for transfer of the Nagorno-Karabakh and Nakhichevan areas from Azerbaijan to Armenia was answered by murderous pogroms against Armenian residents in Sumgait and Baku and an economic blockade against the Armenians in the Karabakh area.

Moving from demonstrations and petitions to self defense and terror, Armenian activists raided armories of every kind, acquiring, according to the Russian commander, thousands of pistols, rifles, machine guns, a mortar, an anti-aircraft gun, 11 armored personnel carriers, four infantry combat vehicles and two tanks! For the Soviet Union, which has no gun lobby and knows how to practice arms control, this was quite a haul. The tanks have fortunately been recovered. The Azeris in turn opened the border with northern Iran and secured arms from their ethnic brethren there, another move that would have been unthinkable even two years ago. President Mikail Gorbachev ordered all weapons surrendered or else — but then (no doubt recalling President George Bush's philosophy of prudence) decided to let the Armenian "president" (himself until recently imprisoned by Gorbachev as a dangerous nationalist) — handle the matter locally. To this day the conflict simmers unresolved.

Appalling as such violent outbursts of ethnic hatred may be, they are, like ghetto riots in this country, more symptomatic of pent-up frustrations and unresolved social problems than a threat to the Union. They can discredit a political leadership which does not reestablish order and act to remove the frustrations, but they are not likely in themselves to undermine the state.

No, the real danger comes from politicized nationalism, and the phenomenon of economic and political localism some are calling Lebanonization.

Examples of emerging nationalism abound throughout the Soviet Union. Street demonstrations, strikes, petitions; half a million Greek Catholics (whose church was repressed in 1946), gathering at a village where someone reported a vision of the Virgin Mary (previously the Virgin was not allowed to appear in the Soviet Union!); the formation of Popular Fronts for Perestroika, which soon turned into popular fronts for national liberation and successfully ran candidates in Soviet elections; declarations of sovereignty by half of the Union Republics and even some of the subrepublican formations like Karelia; declarations of independence or intent to pursue independence by the Soviets in the Baltic States, Georgia, and Armenia; efforts by Republican Soviets to take control of the local media, police, justice system, military draft, education and culture, and the economy. This is the vertical nationalism that truly threatens the Union with dissolution. Or, perhaps even civil war.

While the nationalist tendencies are relatively organized and coherent, the integrity of the Union is simultaneously threatened by a centrifugal force that is primarily economic in nature and no less destructive of the coherence and well-being of the nation as a whole. This economic localism is known as Lebanonization.

Not only republics and autonomous areas, but even individual towns and villages are attempting to assert control over local resources for the sole benefit of the local population. The Moscow city Soviet recently made resident permits a prerequisite for the purchase of goods in short supply; other cities in the province threaten to halt agricultural deliveries in retaliation. In Tiumen, an unsuccessful effort was made to sell one million tons of Siberian natural gas to any Western bidder

for 100 tons of meat. The autonomous republic of Yakutia is engaged in a battle of sovereignties with its parent territory, the Russian Federated Republic, with gold, diamonds and other valuable minerals at stake: whichever wins it would all be at the expense of the hitherto primary claims of the Soviet Union.

With Mikail Gorbachev's appointment as General Secretary in 1985, and his policies of relative free speech, toleration of unofficial clubs and associations, loosening of central control of the economy and democratization,



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

came the first appearance since the consolidation of Bolshevik power of what is called civil society.

Among the many interest groups that were now allowed to function were those organized by the nationalist intelligentsia, some of them freshly released by amnesty from the labor camps or prisons. The first issues were limited and modest — protection of the native language, of native culture generally, concern for the preservation of monuments and historic places, defense of local religious preferences, ecological campaigns, defense of local economic interests. Since 1987 the demands have escalated, become more radical.

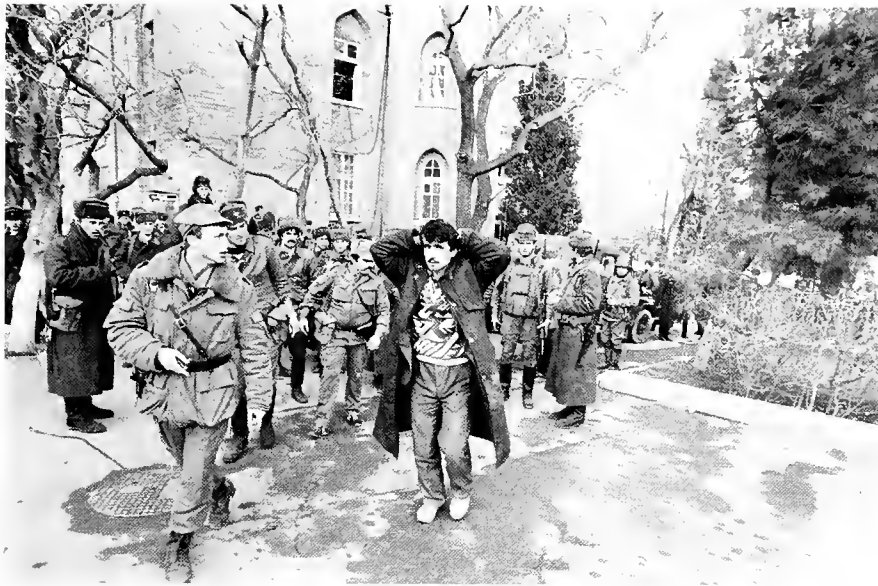
Despite official talk about the emergence of a new Soviet citizen identifying more and more with the historical experience of the Soviet Union and its accomplishments (and fluent in Russian, the internationalist language of common communication), it seemed that ethnic identities had offered the

only available rallying point for their pent-up grievances and demands.

Opposition to nuclear plants, protest against polluted air, anger at discrimination and hazing in the army, the memory of unrequited repression of friends and relatives, frustration at waiting in line for an ever expanding list of scarce but necessary goods, disappointment with the declining standard of health care — these and many other issues became ethnicized. The nationalist elites had finally established contacts with the masses. And so in the course of a mere two years,

movements for cultural defense and environmental protection merged into larger movements for national autonomy or independence. Asserting one's ethnicity in this way and demanding self-determination became the logical way to focus all issues.

What is the leadership doing to cope with this latest threat to the program of reforming the Soviet Union while avoiding popular upheavals? Gorbachev is of course a product of his career in the Communist Party as well as of Russian culture generally. He would like to keep the country together while he modernizes and humanizes it, bringing it finally the prosperity, freedom and civility that the ideology had long promised but not delivered. While his initiatives have had breathtaking results, they have clearly begun a process that has no early end and whose course Gorbachev himself seems not to have fully anticipated. He has lurched from crisis to crisis. Examples abound, but I



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

(Left) Armenians gather around the open coffin of a militant killed in a battle with Azerbaijanis. (Above) Soviet troops surround a resident of the Azerbaijani capital of Baku in an attempt to quell ethnic violence.

will mention here only the surprising decision last February to delete from the constitution any reference to the leading role of the Communist Party in the management of the country's affairs. That opened the way to multiparty elections and the potential displacement of the Communist Party from its ruling position; it was not on Gorbachev's original agenda.

He failed to foresee the rise of national assertiveness and its role as a consolidating force for practically all issues of public life, including the explosive mixture of political and ethnic demands with economic grievances. With the discrediting of Marxism-Leninism as a legitimizing principle for the Soviet Union, and the unsuitability of an imperialist-tainted Russian nationalism to replace it in that role for almost half the population, the ideological vacuum was quickly filled by ethnic or national consciousness. In vain, Gorbachev preached the achievements and benefits of the union; in vain, he promised a return to Leninist tact and national equality. Belatedly, he came to understand that the issue must be addressed afresh and in a more radical way. He tried to anchor his new proposals to a purified version of the existing system: the Soviet Union was already a federal state con-

stitutionally, and it was necessary only to bring those long ignored principles to life. "Be patient, you have never lived in a real federation," he counseled the Lithuanians, Estonians, Moldavians, Georgians and others who demanded independence. Legislation has poured forth from the Supreme Soviet this year, fleshing out Gorbachev's new federalism: precise division of powers between the center and the states, decentralization of economic and cultural decision making, regulation of the touchy issue of language use, even a law establishing a legal method of seceding from the Union, the very mention of which "right" could easily have brought a death sentence in Stalin's time. The idea was of course to discourage secession and make the federation, as a real voluntary union of sovereign states, more positively attractive to its members.

He also offered a new legitimizing rationale for the Union, a stirring defense of the advantages of being part of a superpower that can defend its security effectively and influence world events, that offers the material benefits of a large, integrated economy, that can protect the rights of minorities within the republics, and that can direct resources so that the less richly endowed areas of the country have an opportunity to bring their economic and social life up to the level of the others. For the growing number of Russian isolationists who are also ready to write off the federation, he made the following shrewd appeal:

"The profound truth is that Russia

can be and is distinctive and great only when it is surrounded by and permeated with the life-giving force of cultures and languages; when it is historically bound to them, enriching them and being enriched by them in return. If this intertwined root system is torn apart, the result will not quite be Russia, or not quite the Russia that was entrusted to us and that we must cherish and pass on to our descendants. All of us residents of the Russian republic must think very hard about this and remember it."

Will it work? Probably not. The powers Gorbachev would retain for the central government are far too extensive for many nationalists, who as ideologists may be beyond rational cost-benefit analysis; the mechanisms for conflict resolution are too weak; and the nationalists are also suspicious of the intent behind Gorbachev's earnest efforts to keep the Communist Party from federalizing itself. "Strong Union, Strong Republics" is Gorbachev's motto, but many nationalist leaders now seem to prefer either a weak confederation or no union at all.

What may we expect? To answer this question I consulted the opinions of many prominent observers of Soviet affairs. The wisest, but least prophetic, said that no one would be rash enough to predict! There are actually lots of predictions, most of them rather grim. "Breakdown or Crackdown," Professor Richard Pipes of Harvard subtitles his article on the subject, expressing skepticism that a totalitarian regime can peacefully evolve into a federal democracy and suggesting that the real alternatives are chaos or a return to harsh dictatorship. Henry Kissinger expects that these two undesirable conditions will alternate for the next five years. Paul Goble of Radio Free Europe believes that a liberalized Soviet Union is simply a contradiction in terms. Mark Beissinger and Lubomyr Hajda, in their excellent new study of the nationality question, conclude that a condition of sustained crisis is the most likely outcome. Soviet sociologist Yurii Levada believes that an adroit demagogue could exploit the masses' current longing for bread, sausages and the restoration of public order to impose a populist dictatorship. Others see a coalition of military leaders, KGB chiefs, Communist Party and bureaucratic hard liners, blue collar workers, and embittered Russian

nationalists backing a swing to the right. The only consistent optimist I have discovered is Professor Jerry Hough, who believes that Gorbachev is a sophisticated strategist, who requires the climate of controlled chaos that his policies have helped create to keep the Russian masses behind him and the Party in check, and who will soon be able to deepen perestroika and bring it to fruition.

The experts have been wrong before. They failed to foresee "even in their wildest fantasy," as Professor Pipes admits, the revolutions in East Europe, the unification of Germany, and the demise of the Warsaw Pact. So I will venture to state my own opinion. I don't think that Gorbachev is the great strategist that Professor Hough imagines him to be, but I do believe in his sincerity and political realism and in his tactical skills. His aims have evolved from the relatively modest ones of reforming and cleansing the Communist polity from above to the historically unprecedented goal of transcending it without dissolving it.

This seems utopian to most, but stranger things have happened. Gorbachev would still like to keep the Union intact, to preserve what he calls socialism, and to retain a significant role in the new society for the Communist Party. Each of these preferences brings him into conflict with the desires of the nationalist movements and the nascent democratic political movement. Soviet radicals believe that Gorbachev cannot master the current crisis without an immediate commitment to full democracy, a market economy based on privatizing state property, and to the loosest of confederations. They, and many Western political scientists, have concluded that he will not do these necessary things. But Gorbachev has a history of flexibility and evolution of ideas, even if they are brought into play at the very last possible moment.

In recent months he seems to be adjusting his views and goals. First, he accepted the idea that the treaty binding the federal states together in the Soviet Union could be subjected to free and voluntary re-negotiation, while warning of a "sea of blood and tears" if extremists try to tear the Soviet Union apart by force. This makes the recent legislation obsolete and opens the door to compromises that might keep the Union intact in some form.

The new treaty draft is due by the end of the year. The Baltic presidents have refused to participate for fear of compromising their commitment to full independence. They may in the end find that a simple common market arrangement for economic and security matters might satisfy the Soviet leadership and be much less painful to achieve than full separation.

Second, Gorbachev put his socialist goals in jeopardy by accepting as the basis for a legislative draft presented to the parliament last September for implementation on October first Boris

Gorbachev has performed the indispensable service of rallying the Party moderates and pragmatists against the conservatives, opening the way to genuine political pluralism. It will take time to create a mass culture ready to support democracy and the free market.

Yeltsin's radical 500-day plan for achieving a market economy. This means that he is ready to redo the laws on property, land, and enterprises that were passed not so long ago. If the economic situation can be stabilized or even rendered hopeful, it will go a long way to untie the knot that binds so many issues together under cover of the ethnic issue. Finally, Gorbachev has recently announced work in progress on a reorganization of the military that might well involve moving to a volunteer army and the creation of separate military units for the national Republics.

So far as democracy is concerned, the Communist Party is a wounded bear but far from dead. Its apparatus still runs the country in many regards. The democratic opposition, on the other hand, has yet to organize a unified and coherent political alternative. Gorbachev has performed the indispensable service of rallying the Party moderates and pragmatists against the

conservatives, opening the way to genuine political pluralism. It will take time to create a mass culture ready to support democracy and the free market.

Meanwhile, the impatient radical leaders have been amazed to discover that Gorbachev seems to have caught up once again. As one of them, the parliamentary deputy Iurii Afanas'ev, put it: "Gorbachev has begun turning around. . . . For the first time there is a real opportunity to form a broad center-left coalition, without which the profound structural changes required in this transition to post-Communism will be impossible."

Afanas'ev puts very well my own feelings about the months and years ahead for the Soviet Union. "So this is how we live now," he writes. "A flash of hope, a reason to rejoice! And immediately, new difficulties and even more complex problems." I think the Soviet Union is due for an extended period of uncomfortable, crisis-ridden but essentially creative adjustment to a new and more humane order, and I believe it has a chance to get there without dissolving into chaos or resorting to fascism.

EPILOGUE

In a recent issue of *Pravda*, on the front page, there is a little photo story that captures, rather wistfully, the hopes of the present leadership. The photo shows carpenters building beautifully trimmed peasant houses, and the text informs us that there in the Volga region a dying settlement was brought back to life by an enterprising director who displayed initiative and ingenuity to restore the local economy. And so the decaying buildings were being replaced by sturdy new ones built by Chuvash, Mordvinians, Russians and Ukrainians working together harmoniously. There in miniature is the Gorbachev dream of decentralized decision making, economic entrepreneurship, and ethnic fraternity. If these are indeed the goals, there is no reason not to wish Gorbachev great success in his efforts.

A member of the department of history since 1956, Dr. Nathan Smith is Washington College's senior professor. This essay is an abridged version of the address he delivered at Fall Convocation in August.

ALUMNI REPORTER

Five Inducted To Athletic Hall Of Fame

Alumni and friends gathered on October 5th to honor and remember some of Washington College's greatest athletes.

Lewis Thomas Jacobs '29 (basketball and baseball), John W. Selby '41 (baseball), Harry F. Kabernagel '51 (lacrosse) and William N. Williams '76 (soccer) were inducted into the College's Athletic Hall of Fame. Local physician Harry Simpser, a 1895 graduate who doctored the college's athletes for more than 30 years, was posthumously honored as a special inductee.

The late Lewis Jacobs, known as the "Blond Flash," was remembered as having "one of the strongest throwing arms of any catcher," a reputation that kept opposing runners on base. He also was highly regarded as a center on Coach Kibler's squad.

Selby, who became one of the most successful high school baseball coaches in the State of Maryland, was known as "Big Slat" during his college days. Not only did his bat help lead his team to three baseball championships in 1938, '39 and '40, with a near-miss in '41, he was one of the finest right-hand pitchers the College has ever had.

Kabernagel was instrumental in re-establishing lacrosse as a varsity sport after World War II. Coach Charles B. Clark '34 referred to him as "a playing coach on the field," inspiring others to play well by his example. He was an All-American defenseman for a team that won 42 games and lost eight in



Jay Elliott '75 (standing, left) hosted a party for teammate Billy Williams '76 (seated, second from left) in honor of his induction into the Hall of Fame.

four years.

Williams, a versatile athlete, is best remembered for his outstanding offensive ability on the soccer field. The four-year All-American soccer player earned distinction as the number one draft choice of the Washington Diplomats, for whom he played professionally for a year. He earned the MVP award in baseball and two letters in varsity basketball.

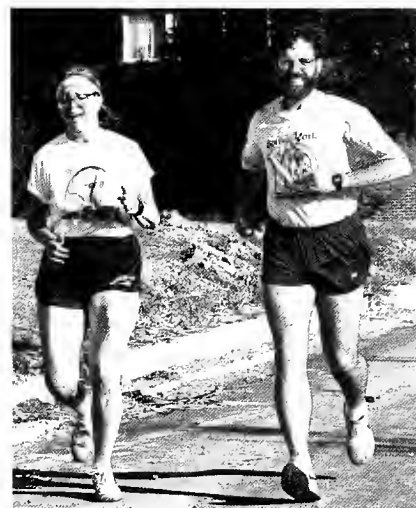
Members of the 1954 baseball team were also recognized during the ceremony. This memorable baseball squad won 13 consecutive games to capture the Mason Dixon Conference Title. Also honored were the team members of last season's basketball squad, who made the College's first appearance in the NCAA Division III Final Four play-offs.

Give 'Em A Run For Your College

Washington College runners unite! That's the call of Kevin T. Kroencke '82, encouraging WC alumni to compete next spring in the Alamo Alumni Run in New York City.

Kroencke, a lawyer with the State Attorney General's Office in New York, hopes to gather a team of runners to represent Washington College. The five-mile run will be held in early May of next year, says Kroencke. Everyone gets a free T-shirt and headband for entering, and teams are eligible to win free car rentals or a contribution to their alumni association.

Anyone interested should contact Kroencke at the State Attorney General's Office, Litigation Bureau - 24th Floor, 120 Broadway, New York, NY 10271, or by calling (212) 341-2631.



Elizabeth and Clint Baer were among the WC runners who completed the last leg of the Alumni Weekend 5K Fun Run.



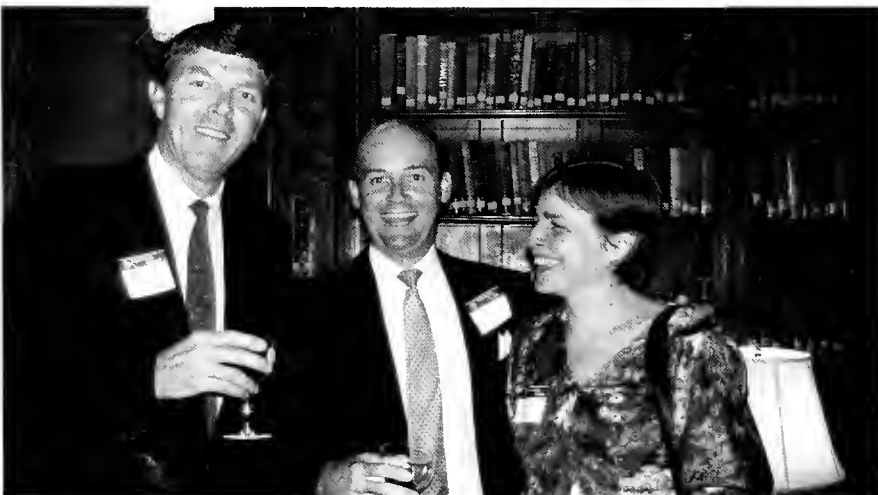
The Alumni and Friends Golf Tournament at Turf Valley in Ellicott City, Maryland, raised \$8,000 for the Johnson Lifetime Fitness Center. John Tansey '73, Jon Price '80 and Tim Norris '81 organized thirteen foursomes which included Dick Wunderlich '67 (left) and President Charles Trout (right).



The Alumni Soccer Team put up a brave battle but fell to the varsity team during Alumni weekend.



Miriam Ford Hoffecker '36 (front left) accepted the challenge to return to the classroom on Alumni Fall Weekend. Here she studies Joseph Conrad in professor Thomas Cousineau's 20th Century British Literature class.



President Trout's Introduction Tour traveled to Boston, New York, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C. and Richmond. Glen Shipway '65, Marty Williams '75 and Sarah Gearhart '75 toasted President and Mrs. Trout at the Lotos Club in New York.

CLASS NOTES

'25 A recent column in the Sarasota Herald-News lauded Rebecca Brown Owens for her tremendous efforts on behalf of senior citizens. In addition to plugging the Charlotte County Council on Aging she mentioned her 65th class reunion at WC and went on to plug her *alma mater*. In describing her as not "the usual idea of a woman who will turn 87 in March," the columnist quoted Owens' reply to a man at a gas station who wanted to buy her 1973 Plymouth Duster. "My car is 17 years old, my dog is 14 years old, and I'm 86. We are a package deal. The man laughed and replied, 'Sorry, Ma'am, I couldn't handle the dog.' I took his answer as a compliment."

'36 William Kight is retired and lives in Florida. He plays softball three times a week with a group of retirees and travels occasionally. He plans to return for his 55th Reunion in May.

'41 Michael and Eleanor Rieck Kardash '43 celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on October 20, 1990.

'43 Spence Robinson is braving radiation treatments near his home in Naples, FL. He called in good spirits to wish President Trout a happy inauguration and wants to help plan an alumni event in Florida.

'51 Robert Hall, Jr. lives in Baltimore and is studying law with International Correspondence Schools.

'56 John H. Mead has been made chairman of Sturdy Savings in Cape May, NJ. He brings to Sturdy his 30 years of experience practicing law in Cape May County. John serves as solicitor for Cape May Point, and as municipal judge for Stone Harbor and Woodbine. He is a member and former president of the Cape May Bar Association.

'57 Reverend Romie H. Payne, Jr. recently retired after 30 years of active ministry in the United Methodist Church. He has been pastor of Bethesda Church in

Middletown and Summit Church in Summit, DE, since 1981.

'59 Sally Groome Cooper has been named Howard County's Teacher of the Year. Sally chairs the science department at Atholton High and has taught biology, environmental science and earth science.

'62 Florence Rieken has been honored by the State Board of Community Colleges with a "Focus on Teaching" award for excellence in classroom instruction. She has been teaching at War-Wic Tech since '82. She is also a faculty adviser to nursing students and is a member of the college's speakers bureau.

'63 Michael Perna is a Spanish professor at Hunter College in New York. He recently edited "Twentieth-Century Spanish Poets" volume for "Dictionary of Literary Biography." Michael has been elected to the executive council of the Northeast Modern Language Association and to the editorial board of "ARS; Journal of Word-Music Relations." Michael joined a library full of alumni at the Lotos Club to welcome President Trout to New York City.

'67 Ed Athey has been elected to the board of directors of Chesapeake Bank and Trust. Ed is president of FAM&M Insurance in Chestertown. He is a member of the WC Alumni Council and director of the Sho'men Club.

'71 Cecilia Goldstein is a math and science teacher at the Gunston School in Centreville, MD. She is a member of the National Science Teachers Association, Maryland Association of Science Teachers, Chesapeake Bay Foundation and Smithsonian Institution Associates.

'72 Kent County State's Attorney Fred Price has been appointed a judge of the county circuit court. He will serve until 1992, when he is eligible to run for a 15-year term on the court. Fred has been state's at-

torney since 1983. He has also maintained a part-time civil law practice.

'75 Sarah Gearhart is now owner and manager of Mercer Street Books in New York City. She is hoping that Chas. Foster '89 will paint the sign for the new store.

Kevin Noblet has returned to the states after six years in South America with the Associated Press. He has taken a leave of absence to be a Neiman Fellow at Harvard for the 1990-91 school year. Kevin was at the Harvard Club to welcome President Trout to Boston.

Mark Pellerin works at Tidewater Properties in Queenstown, MD, as an appraiser and salesman of marinas and other properties. He is also proprietor of boat sails selling and representing Impulse Sailboats. He and his wife Mandy became first-time parents in August.

Wynne Woolley covers Chesterfield County, VA, for Richmond Newspapers, Inc. She returned to Chestertown for Inauguration and Alumni Fall Weekend.

'77 William R. Wheatly is principal of North Dorchester High School. William has been employed with the Dorchester County (MD) School System for 29 years. He was a teacher of mathematics, journalism, English and science for 15 years and assistant principal for six. He is a member of MASSP and NASSP and is treasurer of the Dorchester County A&S Association.

'78 Joel Todd is the first full-time deputy state's attorney in Worcester County, MD. Todd likes to play the bagpipes when he is not in court. He is a member of a five-piece band called the Worsome Pipers.

Claire Pula and Carlos Wilton have moved to New Jersey where Carlos is pastor of the Point Pleasant Presbyterian Church in Point Pleasant Beach.

'79 Joseph B. McCardell was elected assistant secretary of USF&G's Purchasing and Supply Department for the home office in Baltimore.

'83 William Alderson, now a Navy Lieutenant, has been deployed to the Middle East in support of Operation Desert Shield. He is serving aboard San Diego's aircraft carrier *USS Independence*.

Bryan Hall is currently working with the Boat Owners Association of the United States in Alexandria, VA, as a site selection specialist. His responsibilities include researching trade areas and selecting and acquiring sites for boat equipment stores nationally.

'84 Lucille Hughes Wagner has been appointed director of alumni for the Friends School of Baltimore. The announcement was made by Tad Jacks '79, director of admissions and advancement. Lucille will be responsible for the school's alumni annual fund projects and for the development of the alumni annual affairs program.

'85 Marge Bentley is assistant editor of *Opera News* in New York.

Thomas Tansi, an accounts administrator at First National Bank of Boston, wants all of our Boston alumni to reunite again in summer 1991 to take President Trout to a Red Sox game. If you can help Tom plan this event please give him a call.

'86 Kevin Drost has received his doctorate degree in organic chemistry from the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa and has

accepted a position with Enimont Americas Inc., Manmouth Junction, NJ.

Pomerantz Personnel has promoted George Halivopoulos of Metchen, NJ, to the position of manager of the Temporary division at the firm's North Princeton office.

Kevin Schultz is a unit supply specialist with the 504th Infantry Regiment at Fort Bragg, NC. He participated in the operation "Just Cause," ousting the Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega.

'87 Patrick McMenamin graduated from Widener University School of Law in May and recently took the Pennsylvania Bar Examination. His bride, Debbie Kirkpatrick '88, works for Brandywine Insurance Agency, Inc., a subsidiary of Wilmington Trust Company, currently underwriting life insurance policies.

'89 Sheri Christopher is on the staff of a new child care center, Tender Times, in Easton, MD.

Helen MacMahon is now working for the Conservation Fund, a national land and water conservation non-profit organization in Rosslyn, VA. This organization raises money to buy land which is then donated to the National Park Service or other non-profits.

Beth Matthews is a private detective in the Baltimore area.

Raymond C. Scott recently moved back to the Annapolis, MD, area after spending a year attending flight school in Cocoa Beach, FL. His cross-country training in a Cessna

172 took him from Titusville to Tallahassee, St. Pete, Key West and the Bahamas, and he is well on his way towards an instrument rating. He is now a real estate agent with Mt. Vernon Realty in Annapolis, with further aspirations in both the aviation and real estate professions.

'90 Peter Maller has accepted a position as a graduate assistant coach for Florida State's men's tennis team. He is working towards an MBA.

Former lacrosse standout Bob Martino is an admissions representative for Washington College this fall and will be an assistant coach with the men's lacrosse team this spring.

Christopher Warren is enrolled in the Master of Science of Business program at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, PA. He hopes to have his master's thesis completed by summer 1991.

Fifteen alumni returned to sing with the Washington College Community Chorus for the Inauguration of Charles H. Trout on October 6. Joining the group for the occasion were Nancy Gillio '86, Linda Deis '70, Judy Fiander Guynn '75 and John Starr '77. Local alumni who sing with the Chorus are Sarah Clark '90, Kate Bennett '90, Mary Ellen Larrimore '86, Helen Tyson '57, Mary DeMoss '80, Ward Tatnall '78 M'84, Tom Hopkins '86, Art Leiby M83, John McDanolds '85 and Bob Tyson '59. Professor Garry Clarke composed the arrangement of George Washington's letter to William Smith.

Vicky Williams '84 to Tom Taque '83, May 12, 1990. Lindsay Evans '84, Gwyn '83 and Phil Heaver '83 were attendants.

Melissa Harter '87 to Daniel Gerstenfield '86 M'88, October 20, 1990, in Chestertown. Aina Carlsson '88 was an attendant.

Kevin Lauricella '87 to Suzanne E. Potts, in Hopewell, NJ. Ron Lauricella '84 was an usher.

Debbie Kirkpatrick '88 to Patrick McMenamin '87, August 11, 1990, in Wilmington, DE. Cate Lucas '87 and Mark Nasteff '87 were attendants.

Aina Carlsson '88 to Yiannis Neophytou, February 16, 1990, in Konstanz, Germany. Melissa Harter '87 and Daniel Gerstenfield '86 were attendants.

Brian J. Kelleher '88 to Lee Patterson Bowen, October 6, 1990, in Baltimore.

Births

Brad Harrison '74, a son, Sean Andrew, July 18, 1990.

Mark Pellerin '75, a son, John-Paul Laurent, August 19, 1990.

Diane D'Aquino '76 and Jim Landskroener M'91, a son, Thomas William, September 18, 1990, brother to Mary Elizabeth, 2.

Carolyn Choate-Turnbull '80, a daughter, Sydney Meredith, August 8, 1990.

Robin Barrett '80 and Richard Dwyer '81, a daughter, Kelly Elizabeth, July 6, 1990.

Arlene Lee '82 and Lain Hawkrigde '80, a son, Lee, June 20, 1990.

G. Craig Sutherland '83 and Audrey Latham Sutherland '84, a daughter, Erin Nicole, July 9, 1990.

Laura Jenkins Brown '85 and Christopher Brown '87, a daughter, Caitlin Denise, September 21, 1990.

Christopher Santa Maria '85, a daughter, Ellen Terese, May 15, 1990.

Marriages

Robin Brown '78 to Bruce Funk '78, September 8, 1990.

Matthew Morris '78 to Katherine Green, September 9, 1990.

Virginia Hansen '79 and Kenneth Reed, April 21, 1990, in Middletown, Conn.

Tinsley Belcher '84 to Scott Van Osten, August 1, 1990. Vanessa Haight '84 and Sarah Mawson '82 were attendants.

Irwin Burton '84 to Laura Ann Rodriguez, March 10, 1990, in Rehoboth Beach, Del.

Deaths

William Dunbar Gould III, '21, a Cambridge, MD, lawyer who had devoted many hours to the economic welfare of his town, died August 2, 1990. A graduate of Harvard Law School, Mr. Gould practiced law until March 1989 when a fall caused his health to begin to fail. He served in the Navy during World War II. Mr. Gould is survived by two daughters, one of whom is Esther Gould Jones WC '56, a son, six grandchildren and a great-granddaughter.

William T. Smith '23 of Louisville, KY, died on August 1, 1990. He is survived by his wife.

John L. Clough '28 of Rehoboth Beach, DE, died recently. Before his retirement Mr. Clough was a chemist for the Delaware State Department of Agriculture.

Elizabeth Brice Gamber '32 died October 2, 1990 in Berwyn, PA. A native of Betterton, MD, Mrs. Gamber had lived in Baltimore for 40 years. She is survived by a son and three grandchildren.

Dr. Harry Douglas Cooper, Sr. '41 of Dames Quarter, MD, died August 21, 1990 of a heart attack. Dr. Cooper was an ear, nose and throat doctor who practiced in Salisbury for 22 years. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, three daughters, one son, a sister and eight grandchildren.

Rev. William E. Lewis '44 of Sharptown, MD, died June 30, 1990. He is survived by his wife.

Gene Fisher Anthony '46 of Chestertown, MD, died May 28, 1990 following a lingering illness. Gene had been the proprietor of two clothing shops in Chestertown and Rehoboth Beach, DE, and was a former real estate associate. She is survived by one daughter, one son and three grandchildren.

Raymond B. (Scotty) Duncan '46 of Newark, DE, died during September 1990.

Franklin Samele '46 of Farmington, CT, died July 15, 1990 of cancer. Frank was an outstanding athlete while at WC and was inducted into the College's Athletic Hall of Fame in 1984. He served in the Army during World War II and before his retirement was a bartender at the Corner House Restaurant. Frank is survived by two daughters and one brother, Dan WC '53.

Raymond B. Clark, Jr. '48 of St. Michaels, MD, died September 5, 1990. Raymond was a genealogist, editor and lecturer who had a life-long interest in history, especially Maryland history.

George C. Froebel '57 of East Lansdowne, PA, died July 15, 1990 following a lengthy illness. George served in the Army during the Korean War and was a sales agent with TWA before his retirement. He was active with both the county and state fire police associations and is survived by one sister and two brothers.

Robert D. Staiger '67 of Cranford, NJ, died June 12, 1990 in the Benedictine Nursing Center in Mount Angel, OR. Robert had been hospitalized since a work-related fall in 1974. He is survived by his father, one sister and one brother.

Avery W. Hall, WC Trustee Emeritus, died September 11, 1990 after a stroke. Mr. Hall, a Salisbury, MD, insurance man and Eastern Shore civic leader, was a former chairman of the commissioners of the Maryland Port Authority. He received a doctorate of Humane Letters from WC in 1973. Mr. Hall is survived by his wife, four grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.



PHOTO: ROBERT WILLIS

Karl E. Miller 1903-1990

Though not an alumnus, Karl E. Miller was an important and beloved friend to Washington College. The man, who with his wife, Irma, restored and tended the gardens of Hynson-Ringgold House and influenced the lives of the long succession of WC students who worked by his side, died at his Water Street home on Monday, October 15. He was 87.

Since moving to Chestertown and restoring to 18th century splendor the River House, a Maryland Historic Trust property left in poor repair in 1968, Karl Miller has been active in various historic preservation projects in the area. As secretary for Preservation, Inc. he volunteered his time and expertise for the restoration of the Buck-Bacchus Store and creation of a museum there, and the Scott's Point Limited Partnership housing renovation project on Cannon

Street, among others.

As members of the Chestertown Garden Club, he and his wife led a beautification campaign for the town's parks. They were awarded the Kent County Chamber of Commerce Outstanding Citizens' Award in 1989. Miller also served as a consultant to the College's landscaping committee.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by a brother, James F. Miller of Baltimore.

Corrections

This list of contributors to the Constance Stuart Larrabee Arts Center was inadvertently omitted from the Report of Gifts in the Fall 1990 Magazine.

Washington College Friends of the Arts

Constance Stuart Larrabee
Lynette Morgan Nielsen
Mrs. John Campbell White
President and Mrs. Douglass Cater
Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin
Mrs. Rollison H. Baxter
Dr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Bennington
Mrs. J. Taylor Buckley
Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Cafritz
Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Congdon
William and Mary Lee Creager
Mrs. Alonzo G. Decker, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Duemling
Christian Havemeyer
Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Hewes
Hoon & Barroll
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Houghton, Jr.
Mr. Frank M. Huggins, Jr.
Bradford F. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. William R. Johnston
Libby Keer
Mr. Brien E. Kehoe
Anne McKay Liles
Cecily Wilson Lyle
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Maher
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Massoni
Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Maxcy
Mr. Edward Maxcy
Mr. Davy McCall
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nielsen
Dr. Anne-Imelda M. Radice
Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Radice
Mr. Robert R. Ramsey
Louis and Doris Reedt
Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Sutherland
Mr. and Mrs. Sprague Thresher
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Yerkes, Jr.
Julia J. Young
The Carl Forstmann Memorial Foundation, Inc.
The Hodson Trust
The Starr Foundation
The State of Maryland
In Memoriam
Berthold Christopher Bothe

Also, in the Report of Gifts, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Covington, classes of 1953 and 1955, should have been listed among the members of the 1782 Society's President's Council for those who contributed between \$5,000 and \$9,999.

CURRENTS

A Boatripe With Charles Simic

By Kathy Wagner

It is almost 11 a.m., and we have been on the road for an hour. At Cliffs City the winds are blowing so fiercely the river is sweeping over the first 10 or 15 boards of the public landing. We are stranded in the parking lot, stranded in conversation about old movies. About Marlena Dietrich. Pure loves.

Everything is relevant for the poet, James Tate said to our students a couple of years ago. Between Cliffs City and High Street Simic talks about the migration of monarch butterflies. About his dog who eats live chickens—the neighbor's chickens. About the unknown name of the green warty grapefruit-size balls (which we later found out are called mock oranges) lying along the side of the boat. About boats. He lives on a lake in New Hampshire, he says. It's OK that we can't go out for a boatripe.

"It is the ordinary, the overlooked, the quotidian, the supposedly familiar and commonplace that is the place of the miraculous, the numinous," Simic writes in his collection of prose.

I park the car in front of the White Swan Tavern and look up and down High Street. Two blocks down is the river which we have already seen. Two blocks up is Andy's which is closed. I ring the doorbell of the White Swan Tavern.

I ask the young man if we can take a quick look. Just pass through. But as I step over the threshold, I pause for a

moment, and step over the threshold of the old P&E Newsstand. I see the lovely grey peeling paint. And when Simic says something — I don't remember what — I hear the Italian immigrant, Paul Sipala, selling cigarettes and magazines. He speaks in short, clipped sentences as if to be sure he is being understood.

I know I have made a mistake. "Just passing through," I repeat to the young man as I urge Simic on into the Tavern. Simic is gracious. He looks around and pokes his head into each of the downstairs rooms as if he were

I was stolen by the gypsies. My parents stole me right back. Then the gypsies stole me again. This went on for some time. One minute I was in the caravan suckling the dark teat of my new mother, the next I sat at the long dining room table eating my breakfast with a silver spoon.

It was the first day of spring. One of my fathers was singing in the bathtub; the other one was painting a live sparrow the colors of a tropical bird.

Reprinted with permission from *The World Doesn't End* by Charles Simic.

sniffing out the enemy. Then he pauses in the hallway in front of the glass case full of relics where he has noticed the small, yellow chamber pot in the front. I explain that this is our local museum. We leave.

Outside, the conversation turns toward food. He is a gourmet. He loves wine. He eats sea urchins. We circle around the back through the garden and head back to High Street. We turn left onto High, and I explain that we

can walk back through the park. Simic nods graciously. He cooks gourmet meals for his students.

We pause in front of McCrory's. He stares at the front window for a long time. It is as though he is in a museum. I stare too. I give it the attention I would give reading Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer." Vases. Multi-colored dried flowers. Halloween masks. A sign for hot dogs and french fries and a Coke. A plastic lit-up chicken. "There aren't too many of these stores left, you know," Simic says.

I forget, literally, the walk back through the park. By now I am floating in and out of the miraculous and the ordinary, of the past and the present so much that I want to tell Simic about Cooper's Hardware. The wooden drawers full of nails. The cookpots hanging on the wall. The cats in the windows. About the P&E Newsstand. About what the town looks like from an old, 22-foot sailing bateau.

Later, while introducing Simic to some student poets at the O'Neill Literary House, I remember Simic's comment about poets: "A poet is only a poet when he writes poems. The rest of the time he's just like anybody else."

Of course, I can't say this to the students. Lunch is being assembled. Roast beef sandwiches. Crab soup. Iced tea and diet Coke. Chocolate chip cookies.

"I'm only sorry," Simic writes later, thinking back about his visit, "I didn't have another bowl of crab soup."

Charles Simic, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, recently lectured and read at WC. Kathy Wagner is associate director of the O'Neill Literary House.



DONOR'S PROFILE:

DOROTHY W. MYERS '24

HOME: Chestertown, Maryland

PROFESSION: An employee with the Chestertown Bank of Maryland for forty years.

GIVING LEVEL: 1782 Society. Mrs. Myers is an exemplary donor, who contributes to capital projects such as the Lifetime Fitness Center and never fails to make an annual gift.

PROFILE: Dorothy Myers has lived in Chestertown all her life and she loves it almost as much as it loves her. An effervescent and dynamic woman, she is tremendously helpful to her *alma mater* not only in monetary terms. An invaluable volunteer, she contributes heavily of her time and energy acting as the 1920's Decade Member for the Alumni Council and a Class Agent. She also never misses an alumni function! Mrs. Myers's influential voice has helped shape the growth of this school over the past seventy years.

BEST COLLEGE MEMORY: "Though it was not an official team, I can remember having the most fun playing on what was then the women's basketball team. I was the Captain and we had only about ten girls who played all together. That was just enough to get a good game going. It was terrific and the coach taught us how to play by the boy's rules!"

WHY I GIVE: "I would not give up my four years at Washington College for anything. I can't understand why anyone who graduated from Washington College would not want to be involved. The College gives everyone so much. You don't realize how much you have received from there until you're out. It's a wonderful place and I'm just tickled to be helping out!"

